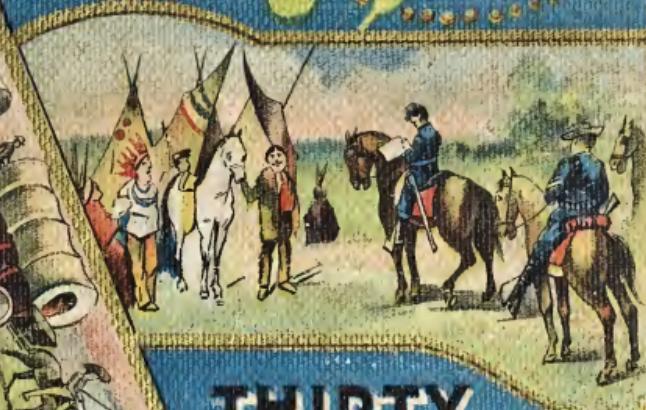




PAWNEE BILL'S TRUE HISTORY OF THE GREAT WEST

FROM THE WILD
WEST TO
WALL STREET



THIRTY YEARS AMONG THE PAWNEE INDIANS

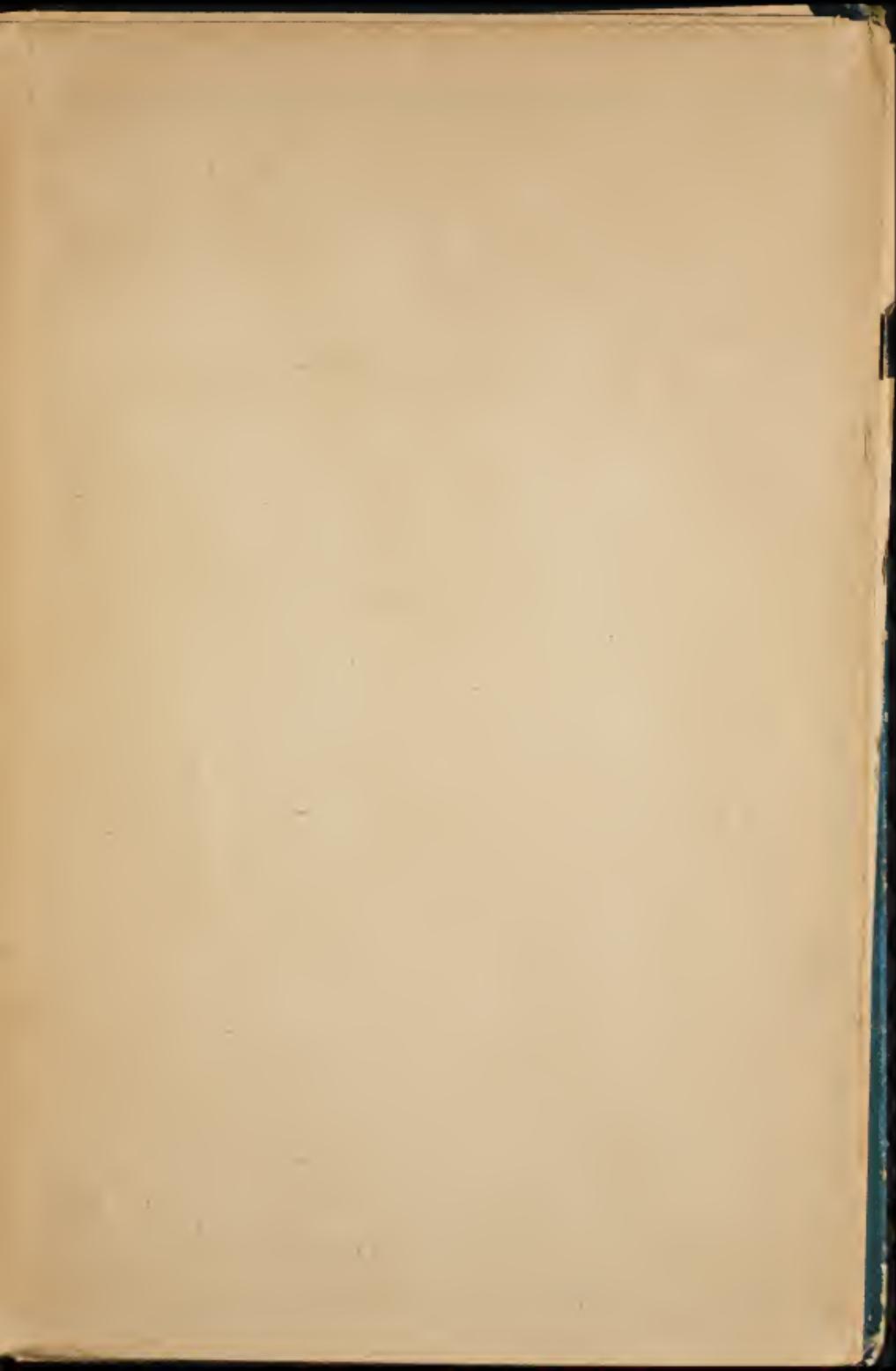


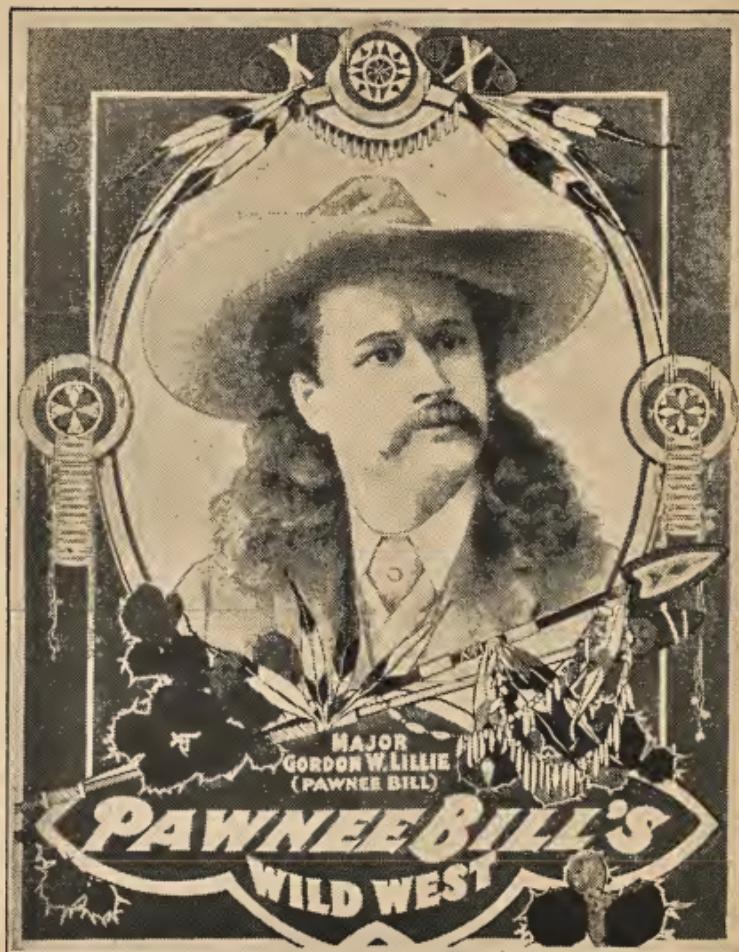
GUACANAGARI PONTIAC BLACK HAWK
MONTEZUMA CAPTAIN PIPE KEOKUK
QUATIMOTZIN LOGAN SACAGAWEA
POWHATAN CORNPLANTER BENITO JUAREZ
POCAHONTAS JOSEPH BRANT MANGUS
SAMOSSET RED JACKET COLORADAS
MASSASOIT LITTLE TURTLE LITTLE CROW
KING PHILIP TECUMSEH SITTING BULL
UNCAS OSCOLA CHIEF JOSEPH
TEDYUSKUNG SEQUOYA GERONIMO
SHABONEE



TO PERPETUATE THE HISTORY
AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE
PEOPLE REPRESENTED BY THE
ABOVE CHIEFS AND WISE MEN
THIS COLLECTION HAS BEEN
GATHERED BY THEIR FRIEND
EDWARD EVERETT AYER

AND PRESENTED BY HIM
TO
THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY
1911





PAWNEE BILL

(MAJOR GORDON W. LILLIE)

HIS

Experience and Adventures on the Western Plains

OR

From the Saddle of a "Cowboy and
Ranger" to the Chair of a
"Bank President"

BY

J. H. DE WOLFF

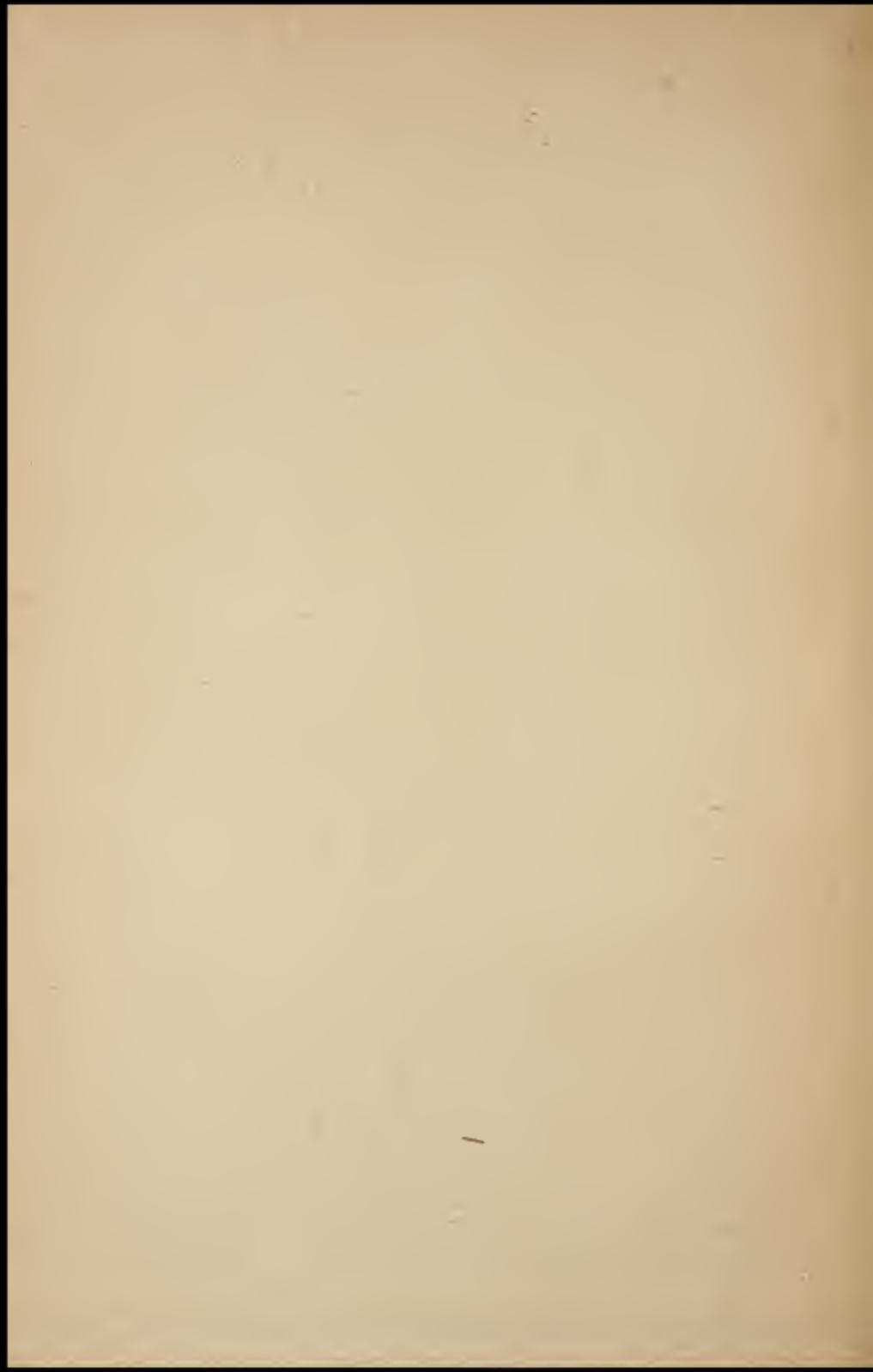


PUBLISHED BY
Pawnee Bill's Historic Wild West Company
1902

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TO
MRS. NEWTON W. LILLIE,
MOTHER OF PAWNEE BILL,
AND ONE OF THE FIRST SETTLERS OF OKLAHOMA TERRITORY,
WHO, AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-SEVEN YEARS,
IS NOW LIVING, HALE AND HEARTY
AT PAWNEE,
THIS WORK IS MOST RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED.



P R E F A C E.

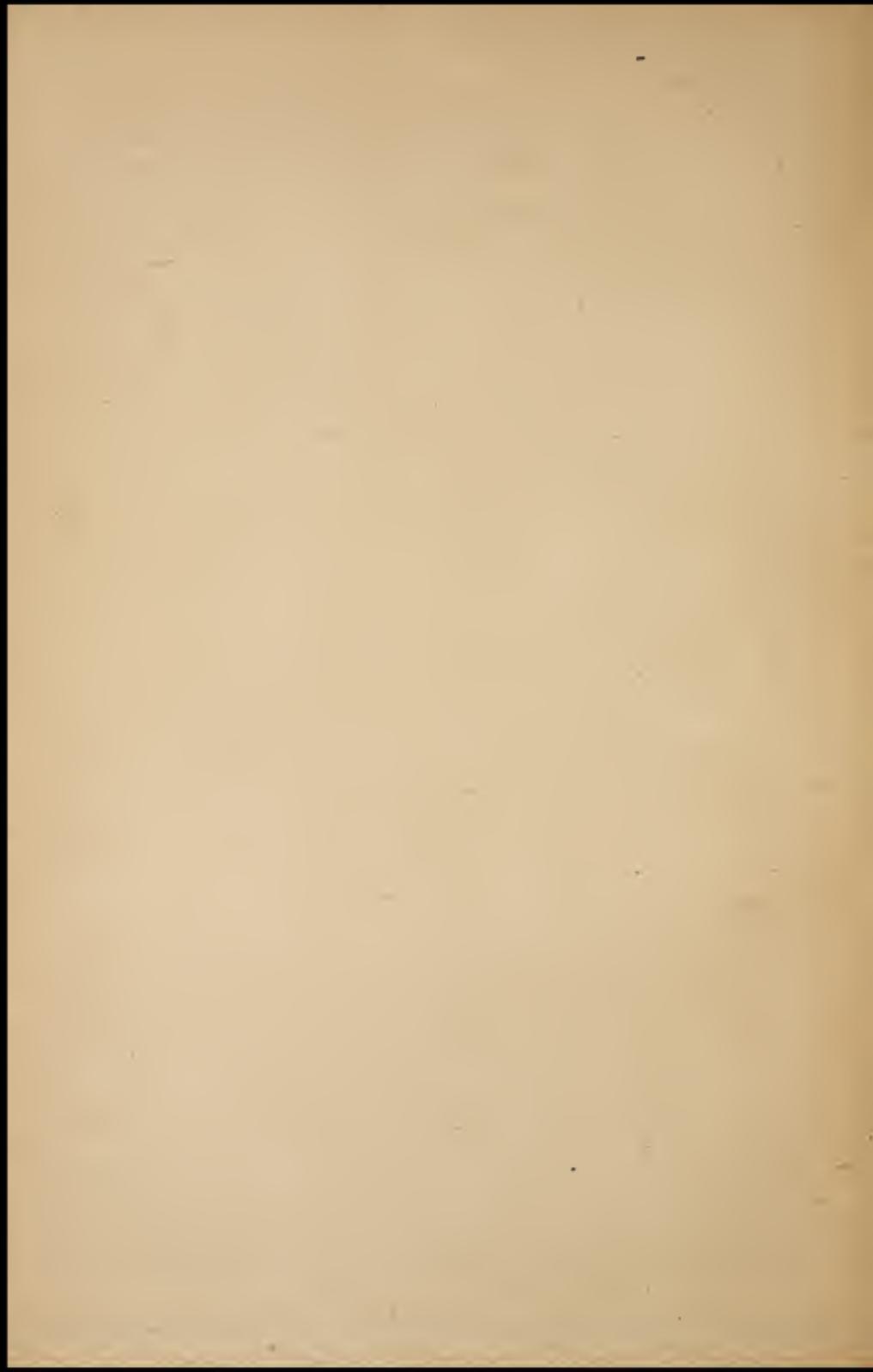
LONG custom has made it almost necessary for us to make a few explanatory comments as to our real purpose in submitting this little book to the reading public, realizing that the true history of the American Indian and frontier life is generally so highly colored by fiction and imaginary situations and incidents that the reader gets the impression that frontiersmen were and are composed entirely of low characters, who are never in their element unless engaged in gambling, drinking, stealing, or the merciless or murderous pursuit of some innocent victim.

These pen-pictures have been so steadfastly adhered to and produced by unreliable and inexperienced persons who have "never been there," and have only the unsatisfactory knowledge of "hearsay" as their guide and authority, that their statements have been generally accepted as facts, and the true character of those undaunted men of honor and courage who have done so much for civilization and the general advancement of the Great West has been so grossly misrepresented that only those who have been brought into daily contact with them, their blunt and sturdy mannerisms, customs, pastimes, and pleasures—in fact, been one of them—are able to judge of their true character and value.

To adhere strictly to facts is our object, realizing as we do that the reading may not be so fascinating or interesting; but still firm in the belief that truth and honesty of purpose will bring a greater reward to our humble efforts than fiction, we will bring to the reader's mind only such incidents and adventures as historical facts and dates will stamp with the approval of truthfulness.

THE AUTHOR.

(7)



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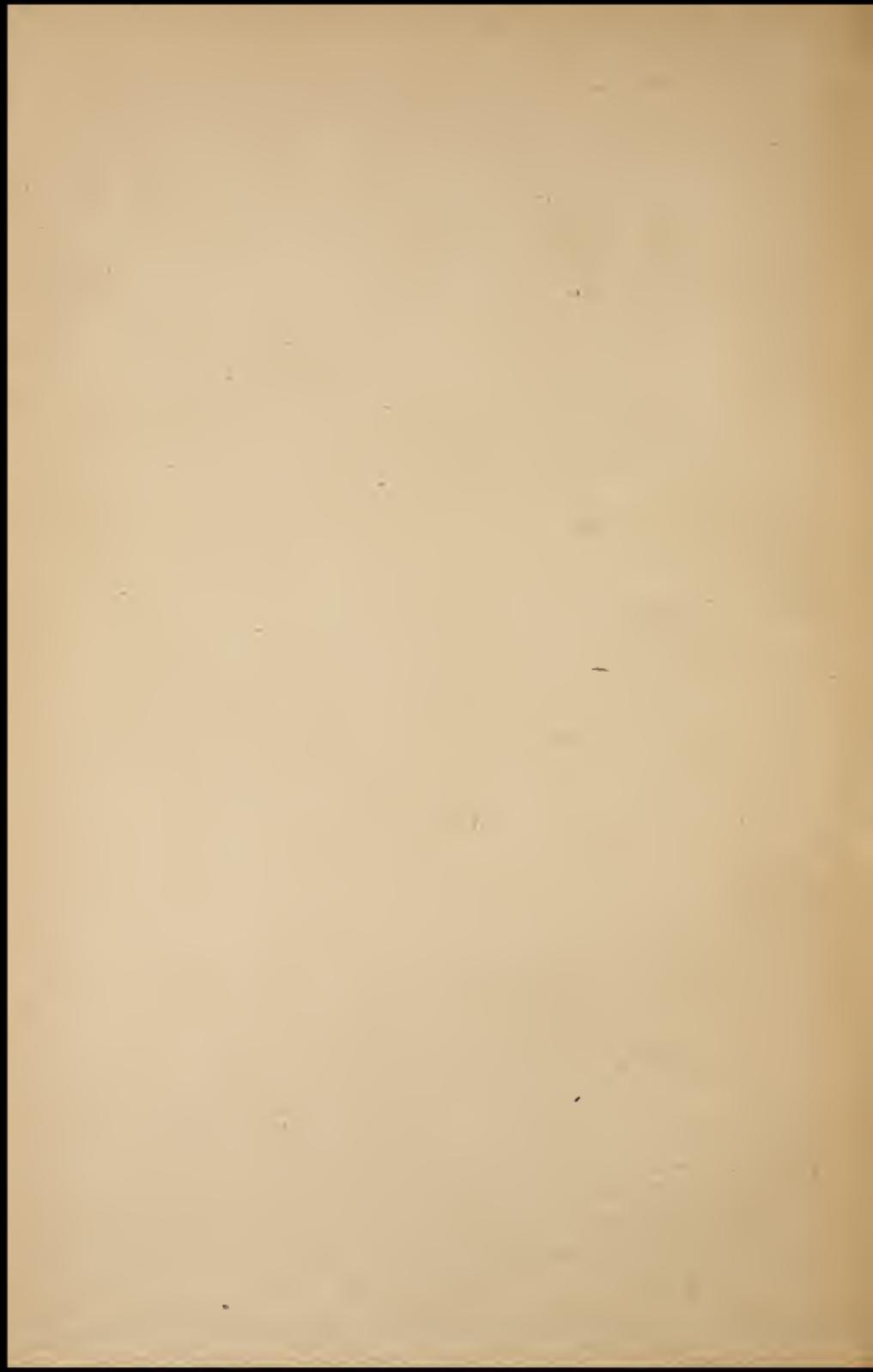
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HISTORICAL FACTS

IN THE

LIFE OF MAJOR GORDON W. LILLIE

(“PAWNEE BILL.”)

Hero of Oklahoma. Founder, Promoter, and Director of Pawnee Bill's Educational and Historic Wild West.

BLOOMINGTON, Illinois, is jotted down in history as the birthplace of MAJOR GORDON W. LILLIE (PAWNEE BILL), whose gradual rise on the rough sea of the business world from the trapper and trader's trail of the then undeveloped Great West to “Wall Street” of that section, the President's Chair of the Arkansas Valley National Bank, Pawnee, Oklahoma Territory, has astounded many, but is due solely to his winning personality, which embodies honesty, perseverance, truthfulness, and candor.

At an early day his father, Mr. N. W. Lillie, conceived the idea of taking the first flour mill ever erected in Southwestern Kansas. It was shipped from Illinois to Wichita, then the terminus of the A., T. & St. F. R. R. From Wichita it was taken by wagon train to Wellington, Sumner County, Kansas, and erected.

Gordon had just at that time graduated from the High School, at the age of sixteen, and, having his young mind fired by the tales of the “Gallant Knights of the Plains,” ran off from home, not to kill Indians, but to make an honest living in the Great West, having in his general make-up manifested more independence and self-reliance than are usually found in a boy of his age. Wichita, Kansas, being the end of the railroad,

he landed there during the excitement of the cattle shipment, the town being full of cowboys, horsemen, traders, gamblers, and all such as at that time went to make up a genuine border town—every night a Fourth of July, with the firing of the cowboys' revolvers; every day a picnic, with the frolics and pastimes of the "Gay Kings of the Trail." Staying here ten days, he then started for the Indian Territory, on foot, one hundred and sixty miles south. Being unfamiliar with the lay of the country, he took the "Bottom Trail" instead of the "Divide Trail." It being the time of the year when the great Kansas River overflows its bottom, he was compelled to wade for miles through water varying from knee to hip deep. On the second day out from Wichita he met a party of trappers and hunters—"Trapper Tom's Outfit." He joined them, and after braving the brunt of many a joke, he was initiated with great pomp as one of the band. He took quite naturally to the trail and its ways and hardships, so by the time three months had passed one would not have taken him for the "Tenderfoot" whose entrance into Western Life had been made such a short time before.

Pawnee Bill Meets a Western Celebrity, Jesse James.

In February he started for market with a pack-train of dried hides and pelts, which at that time was at Pawnee Agency, Thomas Barry running an outfitting store, trading with Indians and frontiersmen.

He went into camp on Camp Creek one night, amid the strong foreboding of a nor'wester, which in that country is as much dreaded as the simoon in the African desert. Unpacking his animals, he passed the night comfortably under the strong heat of the log fire burning close by. In the morning, true to his prophecy, a cutting "norther" was blowing, which made the pack mules bunch up behind the bank, refusing to leave for food or water. About noon he saddled his horse and started for the Agency after a few articles he was in

need of ; but before 3 o'clock of the same day a blinding snow-storm set in which shut off all landmarks, and he could go no further. He then attempted to build a fire for the night, but the matches he had being wet, through his exposure, he was thwarted in this. His position was now most perilous, the thermometer 20° below zero, and he without food, fire, or blankets.

He was suddenly attracted by the crackling of dead boughs, and, turning, he beheld a stalwart fellow clad to the ears in a buffalo-skin coat, who had spurred himself into the clearing on the back of a beautiful bay mustang.

"Stranger," said Bill, "I would like to spend the night with you."

"Well, we don't run no boarding-house, and I might be puttin' a lasso 'round my neck by takin' up with a stranger ; but I hain't going to see no one freeze while I can help it ; follow me, and I will take you where there is plenty of grub, fire, and good-will."

He was gone over very carefully—"sized up," so to speak —by every member of the band, to whom he was introduced in the blunt Western fashion, and all seemed to say with one breath : "The secret of our whereabouts is safe with this stranger."

He was well cared for and put on the trail bright and early next morning, and it was not until C. M. Scott and the Kansas Rangers broke up the rendezvous at the mouth of Bear Creek, supposed to have been the stronghold of the James Boys, that he told of his meeting them.

Pawnee Bill's First Work for "Uncle Sam."

The following summer, through the influence of Senator David Davis and Generals A. E. Stevenson and John McNulty, and Major M. W. Packard, Pawnee Bill was appointed by Hon. Hiram Price, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, as Secretary to the Government Agent and Professor of the Indian Industrial School at Pawnee Agency, which position he con-

tinued to fill until the next spring, when he resigned and went on the "round-up" for the Hutton and the old Wilson or Zimmerman ranch, whose range at that time was on the Skeleton.

Pawnee Bill Appointed Interpreter.

At the request of the head chiefs of the tribe—Spotted Horse, Good Chief, Old Eagle, Left Hand, Long Feather, and others—he was appointed in the fall of that year by Colonel Hayworth (Government Inspector) as interpreter to the Pawnees, which position he continued to fill for some time.

Trading with the Indians.

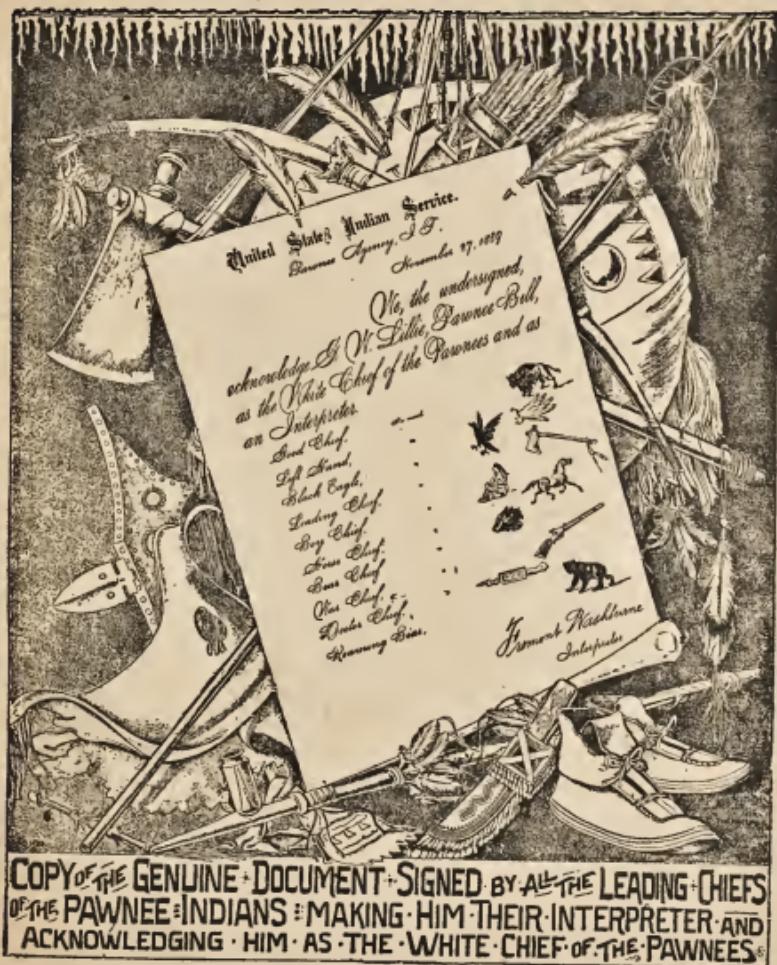
During the latter part of his stay on the Pawnee Agency as interpreter he bought a large herd of Indian and broncho ponies, which he drove to the Kansas line, where he disposed of them at a good profit.

After disposing of his stock and returning to the Agency he found that preparations were being made to build one hundred and thirty miles of wire fencing around the Wilson and Zimmerman range, and, on account of his thorough knowledge of the country and trail, was at once engaged to guide the way of the wagon-trains loaded with wire over the roadless prairie to their destination, and on many occasions during that time he guided parties through the then unknown parts of the Indian country.

On the Trail in Oklahoma.

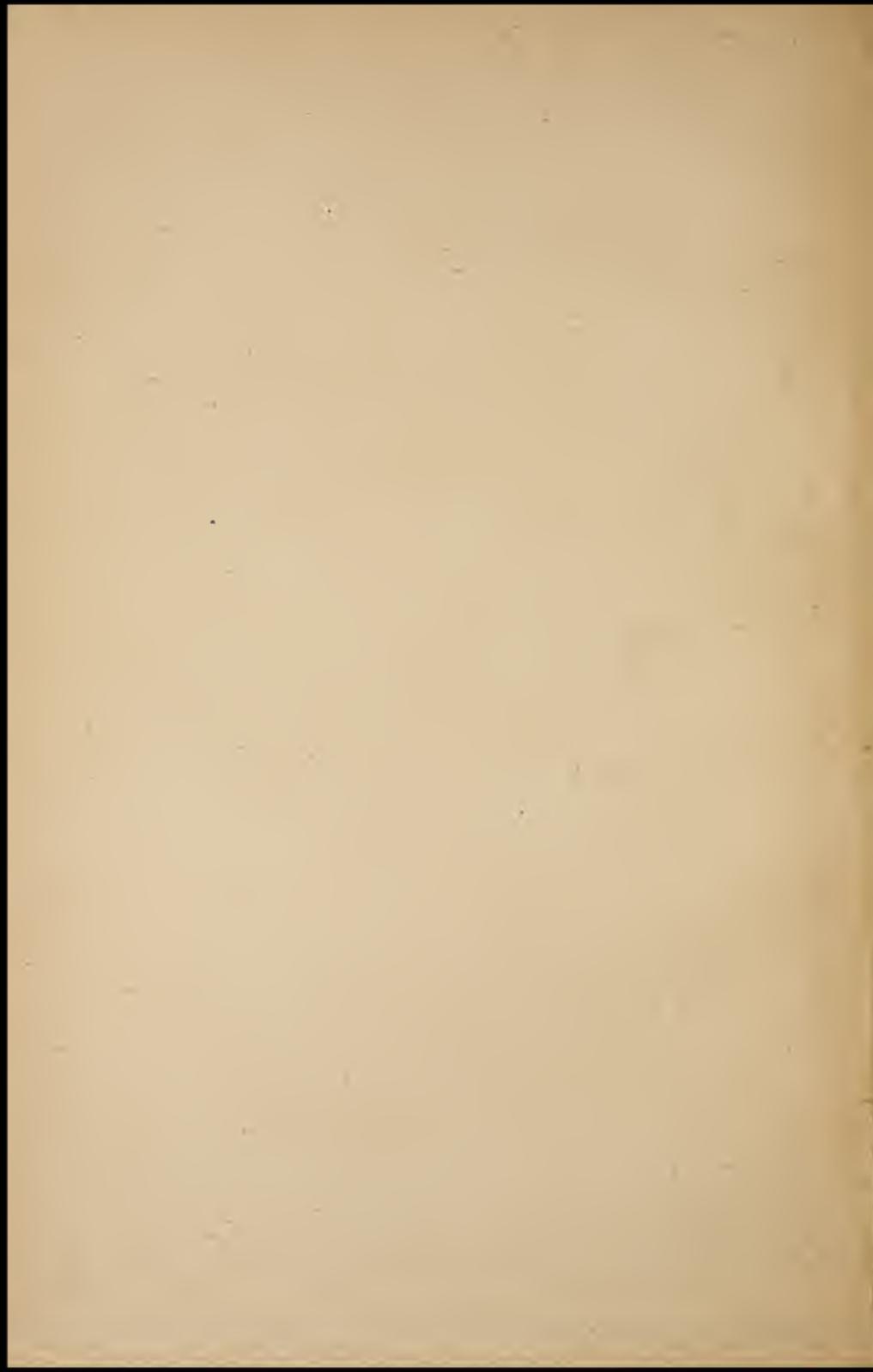
The next incident of note in the life of Pawnee Bill was in connection with Billy Dunlap (who for a number of years had entire charge of Quinlan's ranch on the Salt Fork).

They started for Texas after a herd of cattle, but finding prices suitable in the Chickasaw Nation they bought the cattle there and drove across "Oklahoma" by way of Red Fork,



COPY OF THE GENUINE DOCUMENT SIGNED BY ALL THE LEADING CHIEFS OF THE PAWNEE INDIANS MAKING HIM THEIR INTERPRETER AND ACKNOWLEDGING HIM AS THE WHITE CHIEF OF THE PAWNEES.

PAWNEE BILL'S CERTIFICATE AS INTERPRETER



Bull Foot, and Buffalo Springs to the State. (The latter named place is where Hennessy and his comrades were all murdered and burned with their wagons by the Cheyennes and Comanches. Their rude graves, still there, tell the awful tale of Indian ferocity.)

The first day out, after crossing the South Canadian, their pack horses became frightened, dashed into the forest, and that was the last they ever saw of their ten days' rations which they had for crossing the Oklahoma strip. Thus they were compelled to exist on the bracing atmosphere, the perfume of wild flowers, and various roots and plants until the fifth day out, when they were met by J. W. Cooper, who was running a "concealed ranch" in Oklahoma, and were generously fitted out with provisions to last through to the State line. On the Simeroon Pawnee Bill pulled off from Dunlap (who wintered that season on a spring creek which put into the Simeroon) and drove his cattle to the Vite Ranch, generally known as the "Old Hellam Ranch," where he held until after the quarantine law, when he drove to his own ranch on Meridan Creek, where he held for two years. As the immigration poured in he was gradually forced to relinquish his range to the sturdy pioneers who homesteaded it, and moved his herd and ranch to Cedar Creek, in the Gypsum bluffs, twelve miles west of Medicine Lodge, Kansas; but he still owns the old ranch site on the Meridan as his home, where he has entertained many distinguished persons and parties.

Medicine Lodge Bank Robbery.

In the summer of 1884 he gained considerable and just praise for the part he took in sending the Western gang of bank robbers, who at that time were almost paralyzing legitimate business in all its branches, to their everlasting. Bradley's name should also be mentioned here for the gallant and daring service he rendered. On a dark, drizzly day in the spring of 1884 a party of four horsemen, well-mounted and armed to

the teeth, dashed up in front of the only bank at Medicine Lodge. One held the horses, while three went within and demanded the "collateral." The bankers refusing to hold up their hands or deliver the money, a half a dozen shots were exchanged, and both bankers were killed. The shooting had the effect of calling up a score of cattlemen and cowboys (Pawnee Bill being among the number), who immediately opened fire on the robbers, killing one outright and wounding another mortally; but three managed to gain the foothills of the Gypsum bluffs. Pawnee Bill being intimately familiar with this section of the country, being a part of his cattle range, he managed to head them into an impassable canyon. The robbers fought while their ammunition lasted, but then threw up their hands and were easily taken to Medicine Lodge. That night, at dark, a party of men overpowered the guards, and took the remaining two; one, however, having died of his wounds. Next morning the coroner found their lifeless bodies hanging from the limb of a giant tree on Elm Creek, one mile east of Medicine Lodge, Kansas.

Pawnee Bill Displays His Nerve and Character.

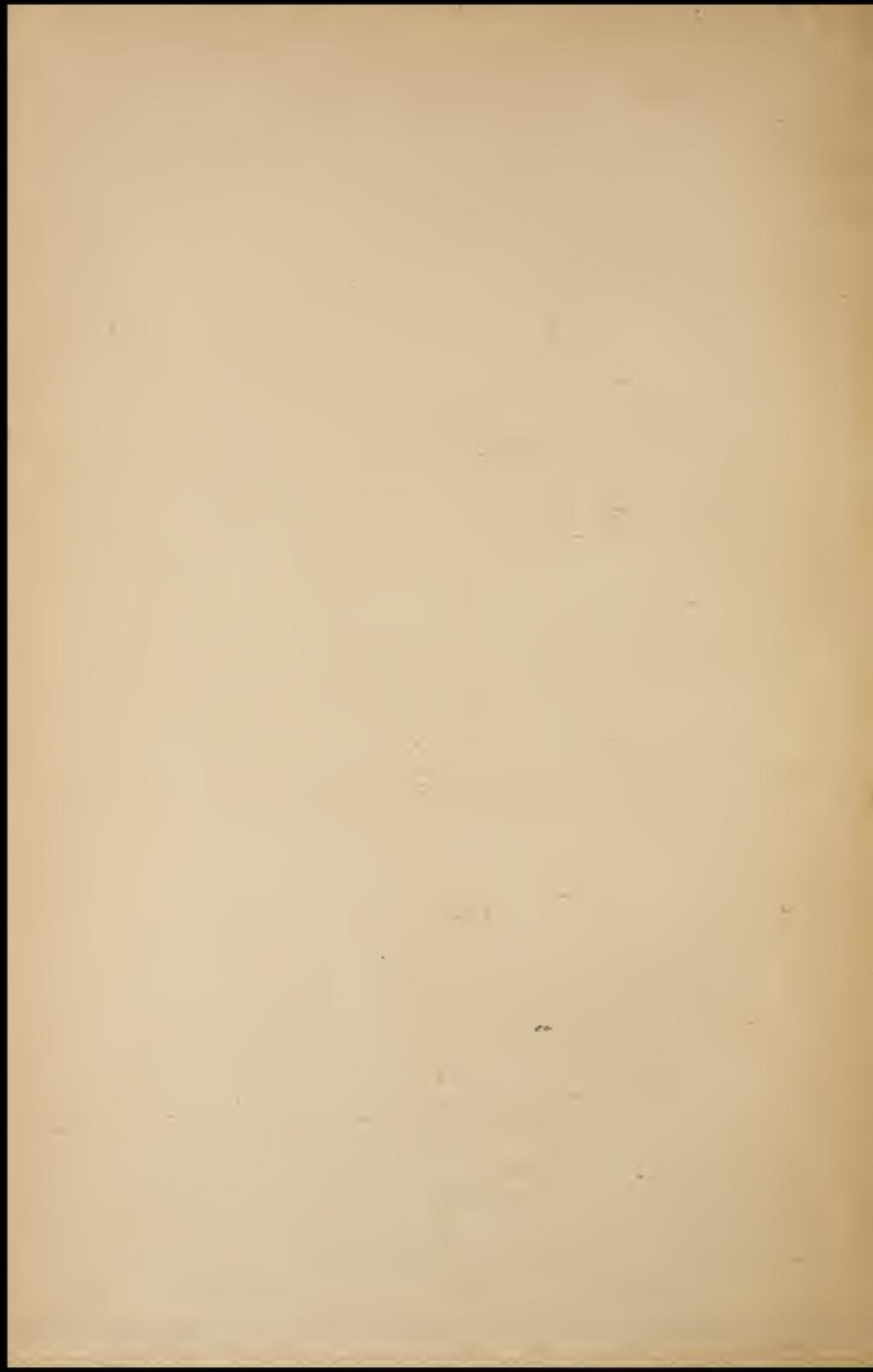
During this summer he moved his cattle on to East Cedar. There were several would-be stockmen, with characters of questionable repute, who would rather have seen him make his abode elsewhere, as, like most men of their stamp, they thought nothing less than a county was sufficient to hold them and their handful of cattle and bronchos. Scarcely had he completed his "dig-out" before a note was picked up by him with cross-bones at the top and the following scrawly lines:

"Save trouble, take your cattle, and git out; don't stay here ten days."

Below this impertinent note was drawn the picture of a lariat rope with the noose open, one end of which was thrown over a limb, indicating that he would be strung to a tree unless he took his departure. No name was signed, but he had no

COWBOYS





trouble in guessing its authors, and they were indeed looked upon as bad men ; but, without consideration or forethought, he wrote upon the back of it :

“ You know where I live. If you want to see me, come to my ranch. *I have come to stay.*”

Riding near the supposed author’s ranch, he dropped it and awaited results.

The next day he met several prominent cattlemen, and informed them of what he had done. They assured him that he had done perfectly right, and said they would both indorse and back his action. Two days later he was seated in his ranch door at dark, cleaning his gun, when he heard a rustle without and a rifle shot. Thinking that some belated hunter had frightened up a deer, he rushed to the door, rifle in hand, with the hope to render some assistance ; when, lo ! he was confronted by the faint forms of three horsemen, with rifles thrown down. In a flash, and with click, click, he had his rifle to his shoulder and a bead caught on the leader. The men were worse than thunderstruck, for they had expected to see one of the most frightened outfits they had ever met, instead of being forced to look down the gleaming barrel of a Winchester.

“ What do you want ? ” asked Bill.

One of them attempted to say something about a stray lot of cattle ; but it didn’t take.

He ordered them to leave, and, as the rifle was a strong persuader, they did as requested. He was never again troubled, but was highly respected by all in that section of the country. All of the above-mentioned parties are still living, and many still reside on Cedar Creek ; for that reason no names are given.

Just Reward of Merit and Character.

Soon after this manly stand and firm declaration of principles, the name of Pawnee Bill was honored and respected by all honest men with whom he was brought in contact and all officials of the various agencies and military posts, as well as

those sturdy frontiersmen, Dr. Carver and the Hon. W. F. Cody (Buffalo Bill), who were his staunch friends and associates. This was not all; but by his honesty in dealing with the Indians as their interpreter and trader, and by making no promises that were not filled to the strictest letter, he enjoyed the confidence of not only the Great Chiefs of the various tribes, but of the individual members as well. Unprincipled traders, cattlemen, gamblers, and evil-doers generally would migrate so soon as it was known that Pawnee Bill was in their vicinity, for his expression that "a snake was a better companion than a dishonest man" was a trade-mark that he protected with his life.

Realizing that the onward march of civilization would at no distant day supplant the life of the frontiersman, and that the customs, mannerisms—nay, even the language of the American Indians would soon be a thing of the past—he took upon himself the arduous task of translating the various tongues into English, and in this was ably assisted by such old and distinguished chiefs as Geronimo, the Apache; Sitting Bull, the Sioux; Stumbling Bear, the Cheyenne; White Wolf, the Comanche; Left Hand, the Pawnee; Princess Standing Holy, daughter of Sitting Bull; Spotted Tail, Big Bear, and "Young-Man-Afraid-of-His-Horse," the hero of the famous Wounded Knee fight.

He has the native Pawnee language written up and interpreted, but, owing to many of the parts of speech being utterly wanting, it has not as yet been put into print. So that the reader may better understand what an undertaking it was to translate and preserve this soon-to-be-forgotten language or guttural, we submit a few translations on the following page:

INDIAN LANGUAGE INTERPRETED INTO ENGLISH.

INDIAN.	ENGLISH.	WHAT IS MEANT.
A-tip-it,	Great Father,	President of U. S.
Ah-ra-ru-woddy,	Travelling Public,	Cars.
Ku-luks Kitty butks,	Little Bear,	
Keets-cot-tit,	Black Water,	Mississippi River.
Etch-i-taw La Keets,	Sweet Bread,	Cake.
Talla ha Ka-ta,	White Buffalo,	Cattle.
La-ca-ra-Kuts,	Big Feast,	Hotel.
Bucks Ko-ko,	Hat,	Hat.
Cha-hicks-a-cha-hicks,	People of People,	Indians.
Cha-hicks lock-a,	White Man,	Americans.
Buck stit-co-tits,	Spotted Head,	Tiger.
Ad-da-Ka-la,	Long Horns,	Deer.
We-wa honey-kuts,	Big Plums,	Apples.
Ke-luck-cotta,	Yellow Medicine,	Whiskey.
Lock ton-we los,	Black Wagon,	Carriage.
Keets Ki-et,	Salt Water,	Name of Salt Fork River.
Luck-a-who,	Wonderful Wagon,	Boat or Ship.
Le Kuts-Kot-rue,	Medicine Bird,	Lark.
Te sa-who-ra-who,	Mad Wind,	Storm.
La Keets cotty,	Sweet Black Water,	Coffee.
Cha-Kicks coddy,	Black Man,	Negro.
Kuts Ke-da,	White Bucket,	Bottle.
Ku lucks-Keets,	Bear Water,	Bear Creek, I. T.
Keets Pot,	Red Water,	Name of Red Rock, I. T.
Bucks tock-a,	White Head,	Name of Bull-faced Horse.
Pa-Pitch-es,	Bright Iron,	Money.
Pa-Pitches te luck cotta,	Yellow Iron,	Gold.
Tal-la-ha,	Buffalo,	Buffalo.
La ca tocks lock a,	White Eagle,	American Eagle.
Pa,	Moon,	Meaning a Month.
Cat la ra-ton-its,	Grass Comes Up,	Meaning Spring.

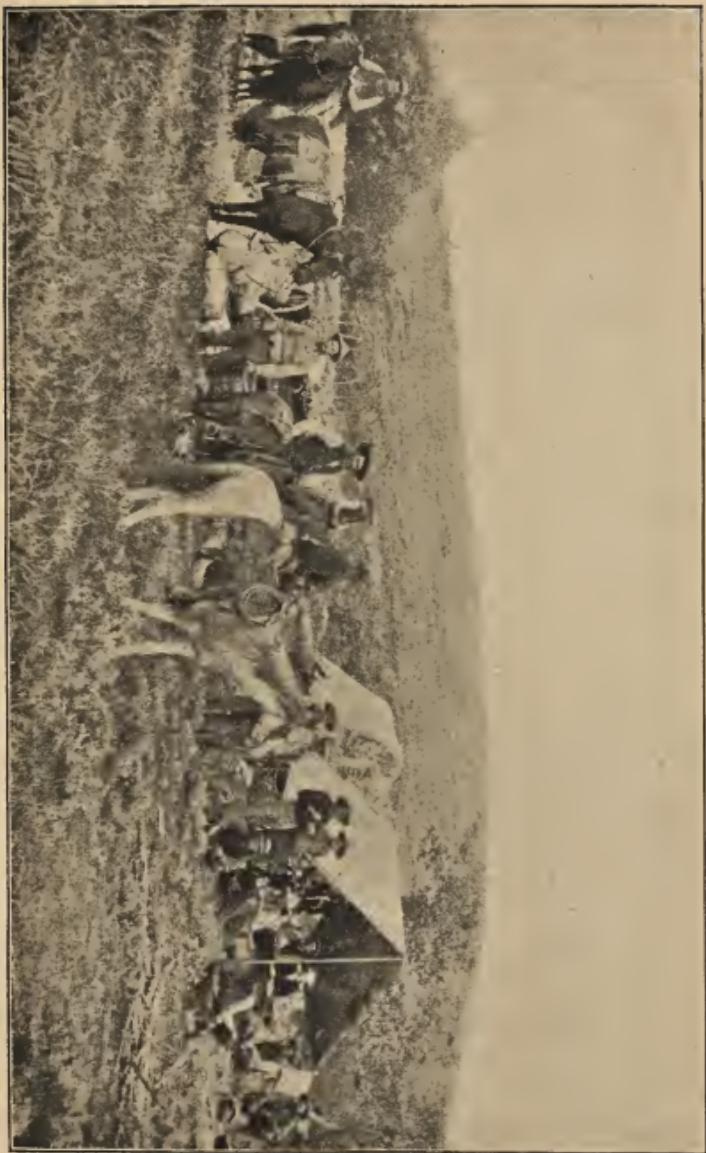
OKLAHOMA.

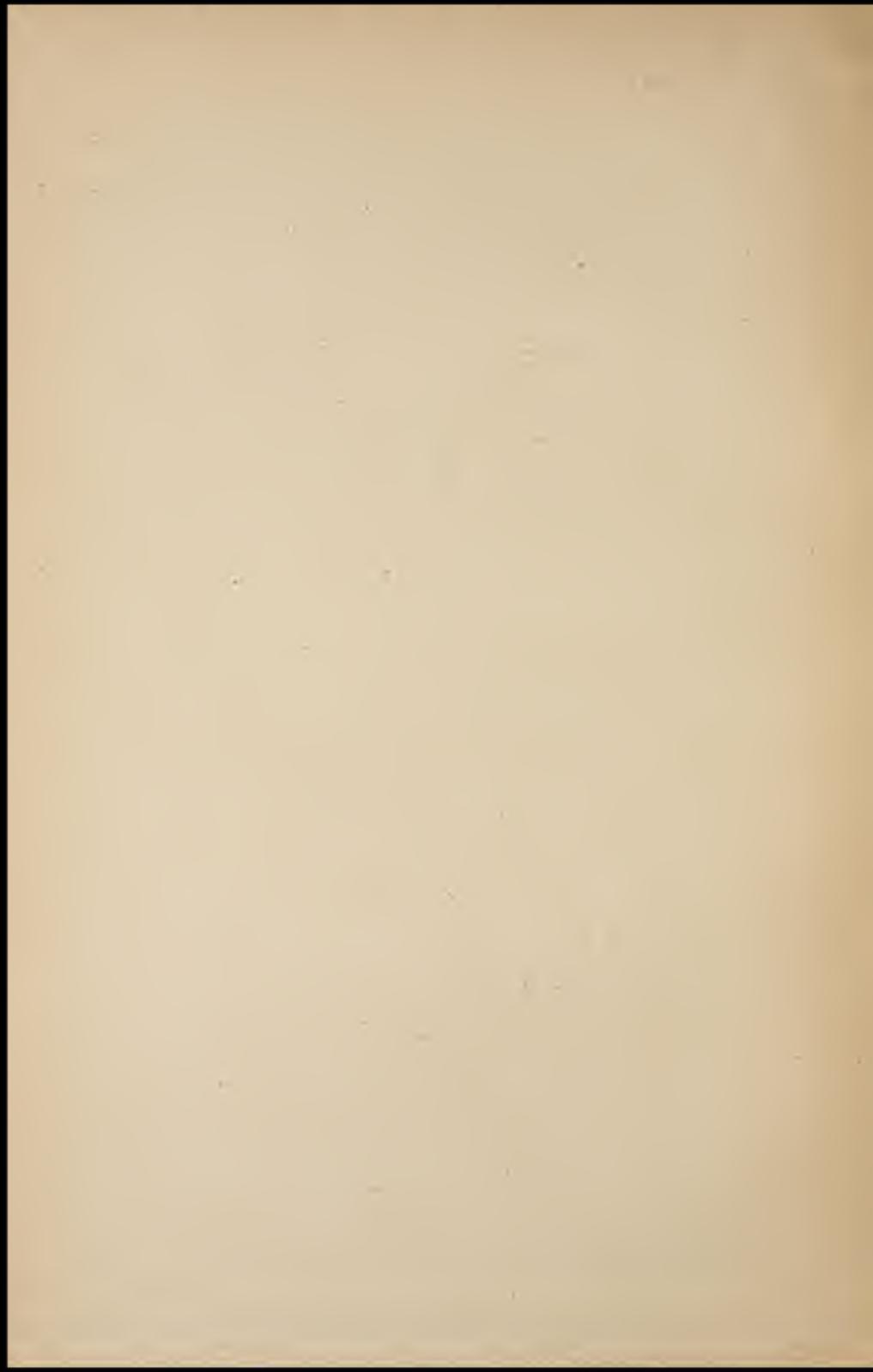
A Living Monument to Pawnee Bill.

As Leader and Chief of the Oklahoma Settlers He Takes in a Colony of 4200 Souls and Enters the Wedges which Opened to Settlement a Fertile District in the Heart of the Indian Territory Known as Oklahoma and the Cherokee Strip, which Furnished a Home for 25,000 Pioneers and Their Families.

In Pawnee Bill's constant intercourse with the Indians he had long since become aware that all existing claims, treaties, etc., of the American Indians to that section of the Indian Territory known as Oklahoma had been extinguished, and the land was public domain subject to entry; yet whenever an honest pioneer went thereon he was forthwith expelled with but little ceremony. Why was this? Simply because it was a rich and fertile district controlled by rich cattlemen, and stocked by fatted cattle which were raised for market with but little cost or trouble, thus filling their coffers to overflowing. It was they who, with man's greatest weapon, "MONEY," had held 25,000 rightful owners—the honest pioneers—at bay and kept his family on the verge of starvation until PAWNEE BILL, in Wichita, Kansas, December 20, 1888, arose and declared Oklahoma to be public domain and subject to settlement, and asked for followers who would stand at his back and with their united force wrench from these money-sharks this valuable and fertile district and restore it to its rightful owners, the pioneers.

DINNER ON TURKEY CREEK





As Chief of the Oklahoma Boomers.

Pawnee Bill was elected Chief of the Oklahoma Boomers at the meeting of the Consolidated Oklahoma Colonies. He at once engaged a suite of rooms at the Delmonico Hotel, Wichita, and opened his office. The press at once—both East and West—indorsed him as the most able leader that could have been found, as well as loudly proclaiming the righteousness of his every movement.

A Perilous and Responsible Position.

Thus the sacred mantle of the Oklahoma Boomers fell upon the shoulders of Pawnee Bill, a mantle made sacred by the lives and deaths of three noble Western knights—Carpenter, Captain W. Crouch, and Oklahoma Payne—all of whom fell martyrs in the ranks of the Oklahoma armies. Pawnee Bill—a man of iron nerves and untiring energy; a determination that knew no bounds; a man who spoke the Indian languages; friendly with all the tribes; a Chief of the Pawnees, yet who knew thoroughly every trick, trait, and treachery of the wily red man; who had travelled every trail and knew every stream and camping-ground in vast Oklahoma; a trailer and guide from necessity; a leader by nature, full of self-reliance, yet unassuming, and with a heart true as steel, and, when touched with pity, overflowing with love and generosity—was the man whom the Oklahoma settlers had so wisely elected as their chief and leader.

No sooner had the wires flashed the tidings of the arrival of Pawnee Bill and the establishing of his headquarters in Wichita than mail in large quantities began to pour in from every State and Territory in the United States—many congratulatory, others of advice, others of inquiry, and the greater number wishing to join the organization and secure a home in Oklahoma. Pawnee Bill at once organized sub-colonies in Kansas, Arkansas, Nebraska, and Texas—one in Omaha

enlisted over 2000 colonists, and sent on a council to confer with Pawnee Bill in Wichita. Volumes could be written of the incidents of the organization, but here we lack space. We will only deal with the going in and taking up of claims, which was the most exciting part, and, as Pawnee Bill afterward said :

“It was the grandest sight I ever beheld.”

Little hope being entertained for the passage of the Oklahoma bill by Congress, it was decided (by a unanimous vote) to make the entrée to Oklahoma on February 1, 1889, and many thousand new names were being added to the now determined Oklahoma settlers. Eggleston, who was mustering the forces from the South (Texas), had established headquarters at Persell, on the South Canadian River, in the Chickasaw Nation. By courier he was notified of the day of entrée, it being Pawnee Bill’s intention to have his forces all start on one day and from the four cardinal points, and in this way thwart Lieutenant Elliott and the 7th Cavalry, who had instructions to arrest Pawnee Bill and his Council upon sight, and expel all other Boomers who might enter Oklahoma in opposition to the wishes of the nabob cattle kings, they being the sole obstacle in the way of opening this vast and fertile district of nearly 3,000,000 acres, for does not the Supplementary Homestead Act of 1879, Section 2239, read :

“All lands belonging to the United States to which the Indian title has been, or may hereafter be, extinguished, shall be subject to the right of pre-emption, under the conditions, restrictions, and stipulations provided by law ?”

And does not the treaty of 1856, made by the United States with the Seminole Indians, declare Oklahoma to be public domain ?

Article 111 of this treaty reads :

“In compliance with a desire of the United States to locate other Indians and freedmen thereon, the Seminole Indians cede and convey to the United States their entire domain, being the tract of land ceded to the Seminole Indians by the Creek



WAITING FOR A CAVOY



Nation, under provisions of Article X., first treaty of the United States with the Creeks and Seminoles, made at Washington, D. C., 1856. In consideration of said grant and cession of these lands, estimated at 2,169,080 acres, the United States agree to pay said Seminole Nation the sum of \$325,362, said purchase being at the rate of fifteen cents per acre."

Then do not these two articles from treaties made by Uncle Sam's own hand open to settlement to the honest pioneer this fertile district of Oklahoma? Yet when he takes possession, is he not forcibly expelled by the servants of the cattle kings? Then why should Pawnee Bill not intercede in Uncle Sam's behalf and wrench from the grasp of these all-powerful money-sharks, who only wish to fill to overflowing the coffers of themselves, and restore to its rightful owners—the honest pioneers—this country (most enchanting Oklahoma), and allow, as was intended :

"Westward the Star of Empire takes its way?"

On January 20, 1889, a detachment of Eggleston's force broke away and made a settlement in Oklahoma. They were promptly expelled, some being tied behind their wagons and dragged out. This so enraged the Western people that it caused many to join the ranks of Pawnee Bill's colony that otherwise would not have joined.

On January 28, 1889, Pawnee Bill and his colony moved to Arkansas City. Here they were met by Captain Woodson and the 7th Cavalry, reinforcements having been sent from Fort Leavenworth; also Chiefs Bushyhead and Mayer, of the Cherokee Nation, had ordered their mounted Indian police to the assistance of the cavalry, for they were receiving \$200,000 per annum from the cattle syndicate for the lease of this land, and they did not wish to lose their goose that was laying the golden egg.

So desperate had Chief Bushyhead and his followers become—although peaceable Indians and in the employ of the United States as government or mounted police—in their efforts to retain the bonus that was annually paid them by the cattlemen,

that the old Chief had given secret orders that Pawnee Bill should be "shot on sight"—that is, as soon as he should illegally put a foot into Oklahoma. This was not known until after the settlement had taken place, but only proves that had any other than a cool, daring, and experienced man such as Pawnee Bill been the leader of the Boomers, there would have been a bloody conflict.

Entrance here being impracticable, Pawnee Bill moved his colony to Honeywell, Kansas, in the night—this being the 29th of January. The next day Lieutenant Elliott and a detachment of the 7th Cavalry followed. The settlers camped on one side of the line and the cavalry on the other. The distance between these camps would be no barrier to a pitched battle had not such a cool and daring man as Pawnee Bill been in command of the settlers.

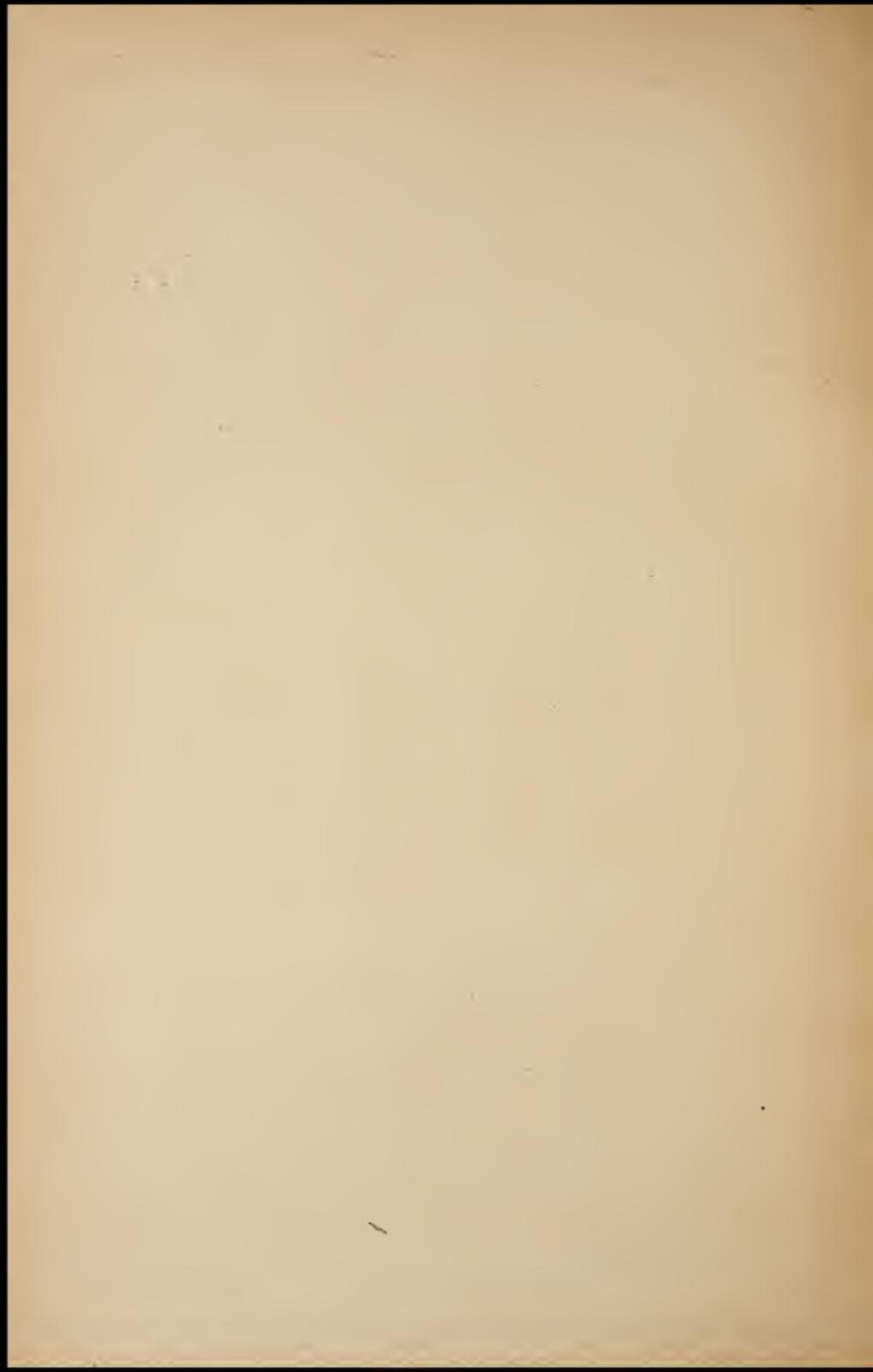
On February 1st all was in readiness to make the entrance, Pawnee Bill intending to go twelve miles still further west across Bitter Creek and the Secaspie River, which, at that time was swollen to impassability on the bridges, and thereby get two impassable streams between him and the threatening soldiers. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon a courier arrived from Wichita carrying two important messages—one from Washington, D. C., which had been sent to the Board of Trade, Wichita; one stating that the "lower House had passed the Oklahoma bill; prevent Pawnee Bill from going into Oklahoma at all hazards, as it will jeopardize the bill in the Senate. Signed Committee." Another of like importance had also arrived from Captain W. L. Crouch, and the other one from the Board of Trade, urging Pawnee Bill and his colony not to go in until the bill was acted upon by Congress. To this Pawnee Bill readily assented, saying :

"I am glad we have woke those fellows up in Washington."

A meeting was at once called, and was in session when a committee from Caldwell arrived, saying that the Board of Trade had made arrangements to turn over every vacant house



THROWING A STEER



in Caldwell to the use of Pawnee Bill and his sturdy band of pioneers; also the County Fair Grounds. This generous offer was speedily accepted, and the colony moved west to Caldwell on February 2d, after passing a resolution to go into camp until such time as the bill would be acted upon by Congress. The people of Caldwell did all in their power for the comfort of the Boomers, as did also the people of Wichita.

In March the Oklahoma bill—championed by Representatives Springer, of Illinois; Mansure, of Missouri; Senator Ingalls, of Kansas; Captain W. L. Crouch and Pawnee Bill for the Boomers, and Marsh Murdock, of the Wichita *Eagle*—passed the Senate.

The news was received in the West, and especially in Pawnee Bill's camp, with great demonstration and rejoicing, Pawnee Bill being congratulated on every hand; the press and public all over the West being loud in their praises of the "Little Giant of Oklahoma," who, with such vehement demonstration, had pointed out to Congress and the world the necessity of a speedy action on this Oklahoma question.

All that was now required to fill the cup of bliss of the Boomers to overflowing was the issuance of the proclamation of President Harrison declaring Oklahoma to be opened to settlement, establishing a land office and naming the day, which was done in due time, and which day was April 22, 1889, at 12 o'clock noon.

The 7th Cavalry being stationed just south of Caldwell, Pawnee Bill moved his colony to Honeywell and entered the Cherokee Strip on April 18th with 4200 members. All the streams being swollen by the recent rains and the melting snow from the Rocky Mountains, one day was lost in crossing Dry Creek. On April 20th, at 5 o'clock in the evening, the Salt Fork River was reached. It was bankful and a very dangerous stream to cross when in such a mood. However, Pawnee Bill said:

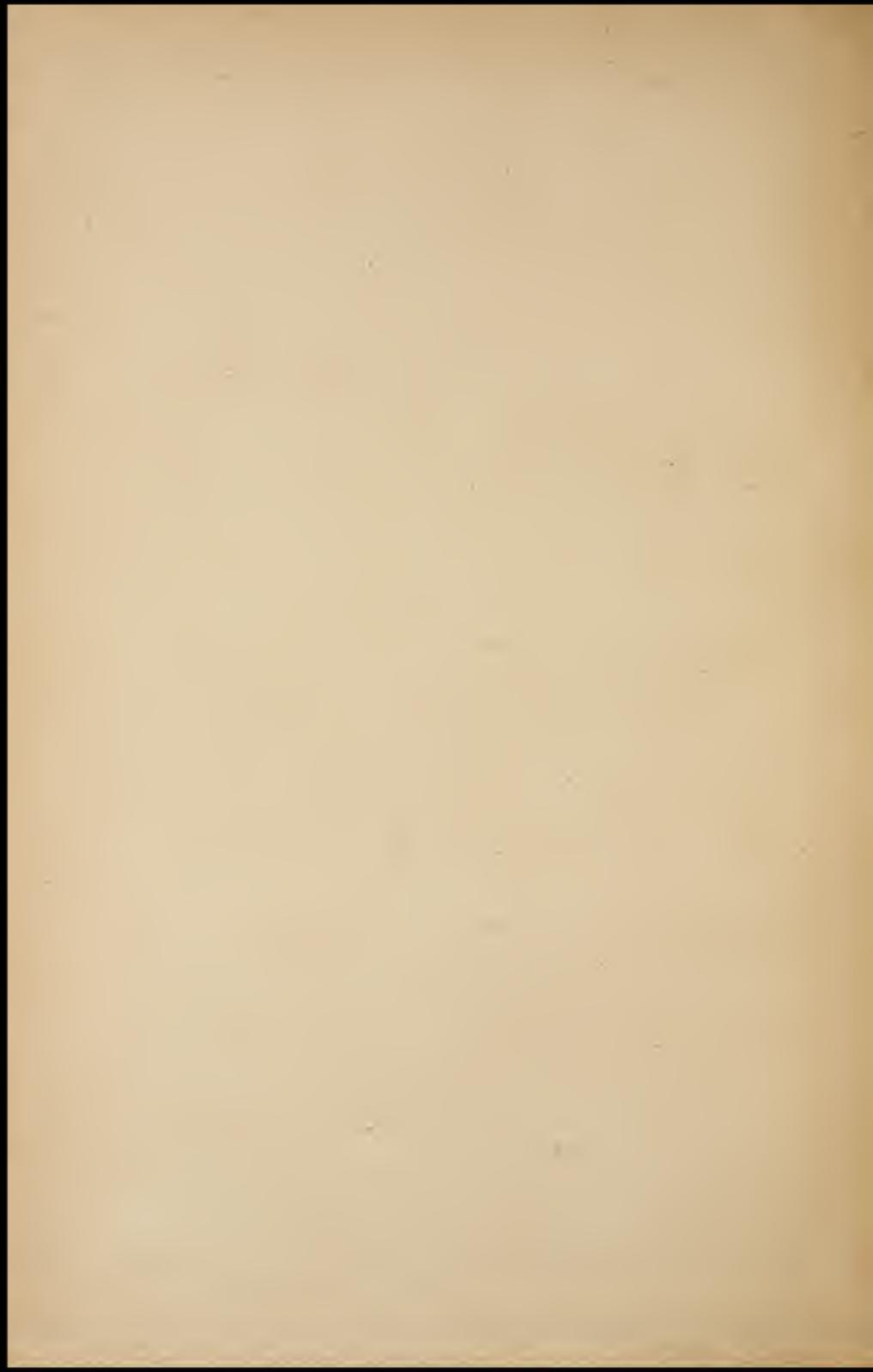
"Well, boys, I shall eat my supper on the other side, if God permits. Can I get two volunteers who will cross with me?"

His brother, Al Lillie, at once answered as one, and John R. Conant as the other. The wagon-bed was made fast by the use of the lariat; the four mules, which were good swimmers and had crossed this stream many times when in a less fitful mood, were swung into line. The crossing was made with success amid the shouts and hurrahs of the assembled colony. Pawnee Bill ate his supper "on the other side," but got but little sleep, as the colony were crossing all night. One poor fellow, Henry Freither, and team were lost in the swollen waters during the night. At daybreak the next morning the march southward was begun. At Hackberry a halt was made for dinner. Here Pawnee Bill learned that the 7th Cavalry, under Captain Woodson, were collecting all the Boomers on the line at Bull Foot and holding them under guard until 12 o'clock noon of April 22d, when the country was to be opened to settlement. Pawnee Bill, seeing the disadvantage he and his colony would be placed under by being thrown in with this miscellaneous mass of 7000, at once changed his tactics and pulled twelve miles due west to the west bank of Big Turkey Creek, where he went into camp until the morning of April 21st, when the march due south was begun across the open country, drawing up to the Oklahoma line at dark of the same day. The next morning a scout reported the appearance of Pawnee Bill and his colony on the west bank of Turkey Creek, and Lieutenant Elliott and a detachment of the 7th Cavalry were sent to give the signal (the firing of cannons) at noon, which declared Oklahoma open to the Boomers. The entrance is best described by a New York *World* reporter's article which appeared in that journal on May 5, 1889, as follows:

"The colony, with one grand rush, bore south over the old Chisholm and Fort Dodge trail with all the speed their teams possessed. Pawnee Bill, in the lead, rode his twelve-mile racing mare "Bonnie Bird," and made the twenty miles in sixty-five minutes, being the first man to reach the mouth of Big Turkey Creek, and there located his town site. There

GROUP OF COWBOYS, MOUNTED





was no quarrelling among the colonists who had been so successfully led to this, the garden spot of this New Eldorado, by the strategy, nerve, and unselfish Little Giant of the Great West; but some trouble was had with the "bushmen," who had slept there the night before and located their claims. A man named Charles Afbach shot and instantly killed a man named Evans over a disputed claim. Afbach was held under guard and turned over to the proper authorities in the most matter-of-fact and law-abiding manner. A brother of Pawnee Bill was accidentally shot in the arm, but not seriously hurt. All who went in with Pawnee Bill secured very valuable claims, as all the richest and most valuable lands lay in Central and Western Oklahoma."

Pawnee Bill, in speaking of the settlement of Oklahoma, said :

"Oklahoma was all that it had been represented to be, but many who came from the Eastern cities came in on the Santa Fé Railroad, got off at Oklahoma Station or Guthrie, expecting to find a hack there to take them to a first-class hotel; in fact, expecting to find every convenience that is afforded in modern cities. Instead of this they found a level stretch of rich prairie land extending as far as the eye could reach; not a house in sight; not even a well of water, and, the streams all being swollen, there was no water obtainable that was fit to drink, and when night came on they were compelled to lie on the ground without bed-clothes (if they brought none with them). The first train back to the States in the morning took all of this class back with them; they, of course, being thoroughly disgusted with this state of affairs, sent out the most ridiculous stories of the country, which, to a certain degree, have put Oklahoma before the people of the East in a bad light."

On the other hand, those who joined Pawnee Bill's colony were led by him into the very flower of Oklahoma. All received good land and were well pleased. "Oklahoma," named by the Seminole Indians, is all the word implies, "Good

Land." At no distant day Oklahoma will be a State, and in the yard of statehood there will be erected a monument in honor of him who, by untiring efforts and constant zeal, opened to settlement homes for 70,000 families—*Pawnee Bill*, the friend of the pioneer.

Pawnee Bill (now Major Gordon W. Lillie) is possessor of large real estate and bonded interests in the East, but his real love and interest in the pride of his life, "Oklahoma," is still plainly manifest, from the fact that he is constantly adding to his vast landed interests there; spends a part of each year among his old friends and comrades, who honor him and his friendship far more than riches. He is still the leading spirit in any movement for the betterment of social or moral conditions or business enterprises in the town of Pawnee, Oklahoma Territory; commands the respect and esteem of old and young alike, and the entire business circles are his staunchest friends. He is President of the Arkansas Valley National Bank of Pawnee, and is the proud possessor of the only known buffalo ranch in the world, which will be described more fully later on.

Pawnee Bill credits all his great success in life to the lessons of morality, honesty, and truthfulness learned at his dear old mother's lectures.

BUFFALO ON PAWNEE BILL'S RANCH





PAWNEE BILL'S BUFFALO RANCH.

THE Great West of to-day is so changed from what it was only one short quarter of a century ago that the present generation can only get a fair conception of its greatness and grandeur by travels through it, and have to depend almost entirely upon history to bring to the mind's eye its many natural beauties that have given way to the advance of business pursuits that have proved more profitable and to which this section of our vast country is particularly adapted. No longer do the wild horses or buffaloes roam at will over the vast prairies, and the hunter and trader has done his work almost too well, especially with regard to the American bison, for we find that these animals are now almost a thing of the past. Where once we could count them by thousands, to-day only a very few scattered herds can be seen, and these only in a state of captivity ; and even those remaining have been so intermixed with Angus and Galloway cattle that to find a herd of genuine American buffalo is almost as arduous a task as the traditional "needle in the haystack." Once countless thousands of these animals roamed at will over the then unsettled West, migrating as the seasons changed, multiplying and existing solely under natural conditions, without the care or attention of any human being. Now we find them almost extinct, and only the greatest care will succeed in keeping full-blooded specimens of this strictly American species of the buffalo from being a thing of the past. With this object in view Major G. W. Lillie (Pawnee Bill) has purchased the famous Casey herd of buffaloes, which for many years past has been the pride of Missouri. He has moved them to his ranch just south of Pawnee, Oklahoma Territory, where he

proposes to go into the business of raising buffaloes, not for financial gain, but for a remembrance of his early days on the plains, and to preserve, if possible, some of the very best specimens of the native animal that gradually has given way to the trend of advancement. The Major has devoted much study to this now almost extinct animal, and is putting his knowledge to practical use. He says that unless great care is taken the American bison will become extinct within a few years. At present about 75 per cent. of the buffalo calves are males, and many of the so-called herds of buffalo have been so much crossed with wild cattle of various breeds that to-day, outside of his ranch for buffalo raising, less than three hundred of the genuine bison are in existence.

They are as follows :

The Alvord herd in Montana, about 60 ; the Goodnight herd in the Panhandle of Texas, about 40 ; the Conrad herd at Kalispell, Montana, about 30 ; the Government herd in Yellowstone Park, California, about 60 ; the Zoological Gardens of Chicago, Cincinnati, New York, and Philadelphia, about 80 ; and several small private herds of from 40 to 60 head.

Of mixed breeds there are probably about 400. Pawnee Bill says there is both fortune and pleasure in his new enterprise. The location which he has selected for his ranch was in years gone by a buffalo paradise. It was here that the finest and largest specimens were found by the buffalo hunters in the early days, and this country to-day, as it did then, abounds with a rich growth of buffalo grass, is well watered with cool streams of spring water, and to these substantial natural conditions is attributed the enormous size and splendid quality of the buffalo found here in the days of buffalo hunting. Here will be made a sincere effort to give to the buffalo all conditions under which he flourished in the past, and as it is the purpose of Pawnee Bill to get fine specimens of the animal, and not reap a financial reward, there is little doubt of the ranch being anything but successful. Special caretakers



PAWNEE BILL'S PRIZE BUFFALO BULL.



have been selected from among men who have had actual experience with the buffalo in his palmy days and who know just what the animals most require to strengthen and bring them up to the standard of years agone.

Pawnee Bill's buffalo herd is headed by the largest and most perfect specimen in America, a pure-bred bull weighing nineteen hundred pounds and standing over sixteen hands high.

GERONIMO, APACHE CHIEF.

Why He Was Made a Chief. His Long Reign of Terror, Cunning, and Merciless Warfare on the Advance Guard of Civilization. His Capture by Major-General Henry W. Lawton, September, 1886—Still Living—Held a Prisoner of War by "Uncle Sam."

AMONG all the American Indian chiefs and their misdeeds recorded in history, none stands out more prominently than the name of Geronimo, chief of the Chiricahua band of the Apaches. Natchez, son of Cochise, was the hereditary chief of this warlike band, but his leadership failed to satiate the bloodthirsty and most murderous demands of his people, who were almost constantly on missions of murder and thieving. His excursions into Mexico had proved very disastrous to his band, and he was fast losing control of his war-



riors. In fact, at one time (after a trip to Mexico, when he returned with only five survivors out of a total of ninety-six



GERONIMO



followers) a war council was held and it was decreed that Natchez should die. Respite was granted, and now Geronimo came into prominence. His shrewd, vicious cunning gained the day for him, and the entire band rallied to his support in what afterward proved to be the most destructive, longest, and hardest-fought Indian warfare known to history. His own statement (of why he was made chief) to Lieutenant Allyn K. Capon, 7th Cavalry, U. S. A., of his first raid, will give to the reader a good conception of the cunning of Geronimo's character. These are his own words :

"When I was a little boy my people made many raids into Mexico. I always noticed that many Apaches were killed, and that sometimes a whole party would be lost. No one could account for this, not even the medicine or wise men of the tribe. The first party I went with made a raid into Mexico, and one day we came to a little Mexican village. All the Mexicans came out and gave the Indians mescal. Most of the warriors got drunk. I did not take any, as I thought it was bad medicine. When the drunken Indians were lying and rolling on the ground the Mexicans came around and killed every one of them with knives. I jumped on my horse and went back to my people. Pretty soon I took a war party down to the same place, fully determined to get full revenge for the deaths of my brother Apaches. The Mexicans came out with the mescal, just like the first time, and my men made believe to be very drunk, doing just as I had told and shown them to do. Then I gave the signal and we killed every Mexican in the village. It was a hard job, as darkness came on us, but I was prepared for that, for I had made every brave place a large white band of buckskin on his left arm, and in that way we could tell our own men, and we came away without the loss of one warrior. This made me a great man and a chief. When we returned to our home all the people called me a chief, a big chief, and we had days of dancing and feasting."

During the latter part of 1885 and until September, 1886,

this particular branch of the Apaches are credited with the killing of 140 citizens and agriculturists. Miners, cattlemen, fur traders, and trappers were constantly in fear of a night attack by the Apaches in all parts of Arizona. More treacherous, cunning, or dare-devil Indians than these never took to the warpath.

On April 12, 1886, General Nelson A. Miles assumed command of the Department of Arizona. In order to instil a feeling of safety to the hardy frontiersmen a special campaign was inaugurated against the Apaches. Old Westerners were of the opinion that the task was too great for even General Miles, and that the natural obstacles were too many to hope for the subjugation of this iron race of native mountaineers. The difficult features of the problem were the comparatively small number of the hostiles and the fact that they roamed over the most rugged mountain region on the continent, embracing an area of six hundred miles north and south, and four hundred miles east and west. In physical excellence and as hardy mountain-climbers, these Indians had no superiors. Their means of transportation consisted of such horses, mules, and burros as they were able to steal, and these animals, when forced as far as they could carry their riders, were converted into meat rations. The Indians lived by preying on herds of cattle and flocks of sheep and by gathering their natural food of field-mice, rabbits, seeds of various kinds, desert fruits, the ingredients of mescal and the fruit of the giant cactus found amid the higher mountain ranges.

Mexico at that time was having trouble with the Yaquis, a powerful race of Indians living in Southern Sonora, and had withdrawn the majority of her troops for a campaign against them. This left the Mexican border and its inhabitants in an almost defenceless condition. The right to follow marauding bands of Apaches beyond the Mexican line was readily accorded General Miles, and he at once mapped out his campaign, which was followed to the letter.

For the command of a special column to exterminate or



GENERAL LAWTON



capture the Apaches under Chiefs Geronimo and Natchez, who were constantly raiding on both sides of the international boundary line between Arizona and Old Mexico, he selected Captain Henry W. Lawton of the 4th United States Cavalry, an officer whose record during the war and subsequently had been most brilliant, and whose splendid physique, character, and high attainments as an efficient commander of men peculiarly fitted him for this task, one of the most difficult and desperate undertakings to which any officer of our little army had been or could be assigned. His principal recommendation was his firm belief that this hardy, well-developed race of Indians, fighting in a country in which they had been born, which they believed to be their own, and where every element was in their favor, could be pursued, worn down and even conquered in this their native and wild country.

The Apaches opened the campaign by making desperate raids in Southern Arizona and Northern Sonora, extending from near the Mexican border to one hundred and fifty miles south. In Arizona they were first met by Captain Lebo, 10th Cavalry, who followed them out of the Territory and fought them into the Peinto Mountains early in May.

Here Captain Lawton, with a picked command of cavalry, infantry, scouts, guides and packers, with two months' rations, ammunition, and medical supplies, took up the trail and followed the Apaches through the Santa Rita, Whetstone, Rincon, and Santa Catalina Mountains. At the latter mountains the Apaches were attacked, and a boy who had been recently captured by them was rescued. They were then pushed southward until at length they crossed the boundary line for the second time into Sonora, the topography of which they knew well.

Mounted troops could no longer be used, and the Apaches were followed from mountain to mountain over peaks more than twelve thousand feet above the sea-level, and frequently in canyons below, where the heat during July was so intense that the infantry—which now alone could be used in the pur-

suit—could not at times put their hands on the metal parts of their rifles or on the rocks as they climbed the mountains. Rations gave out, malarial and mountain fevers existed, Captain Lawton himself being on the sick-list for days; during the day swarms of gnats, and at night mosquitoes, made rest or comfort for the men impossible. No pen will ever be able to describe the hardships of this campaign, and lack of space makes it necessary for us to pass by incidents of sufficient note to make volumes.

On August 13, 1886, Captain Lawton received information that the Apaches were moving toward the Terras Mountains. He planned immediately to head them off. By making forced marches he arrived near Fronteras on August 20th, and learning that the Indians had expressed to the Mexicans a desire to surrender, he sent Lieutenant Gatewood and some friendly Indians to communicate with them, but they had moved camp, and Gatewood again took up the trail.

On the evening of August 24th Captain Lawton came up with Lieutenant Gatewood and found him in communication with the fugitives; but on his return from their camp he reported that Geronimo declined to make an unconditional surrender, and wished him to bear certain messages to General Miles. Lawton persuaded Gatewood to remain with him, believing that the Indians would yet come to terms. The following morning Geronimo came into Lawton's camp and desired to make peace, but wished to talk with General Miles. In the course of the talk Geronimo, after looking Lawton over carefully, grunted out the remark :

“ You are the only pale-face that ever tired me out.”

Lawton's reply was tersely made : “ Well, that is just what I came out here to do ! ”

After considerable bargaining and the making of many excuses for his actions and misdeeds, which he thought should be considered, he at last sent out to Chief Natchez the order to bring in the entire band for unconditional surrender. General Miles informed Geronimo that he and his band, as well

as the Warm Spring Indians, were being removed from Arizona now and for all time to come. The surrender was unconditional.

General Miles preceded, with Natchez, the last hereditary chief of the band, Geronimo, and four other Indians, while Lawton followed with the main body of the Apaches, and arrived at Fort Bowie on September 8, 1886. Thus the campaign, beginning on May 5, had continued five months. The pursuing soldiers had marched and scouted a total of 3041 miles, and the Apaches had fought until their ammunition was all gone.

At the close of the campaign Geronimo had been on the warpath in Arizona and Mexico for more than a year. It took more than two thousand troops to run them down and accomplish their capture, and the party at the time of the surrender included only Chiefs Geronimo and Natchez, twenty-two warriors, fourteen squaws, and three children.

Geronimo is still held as a prisoner of war by Uncle Sam.

THE WESTERN PONY EXPRESS.

Conceived During President Buchanan's Administration. An Undertaking that Tried the Nerve and Courage of Man and Horse Alike. Employed about Seven Hundred Men and Six Hundred Horses for More than a Year. From St. Joseph, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, on Horseback in Ten Days. A Dangerous Ride. Not a Paying Venture, although the Charge for a Single Letter Was as High as Fifteen Dollars.

DURING the latter part of President James Buchanan's term of office the growing demand for important news and business letters and expressage between the Pacific coast and the East made it necessary to supplant the old oxen teams, which it took long months to make the trip by the overland stage coach, which, by hard driving and frequent and fresh relays of horses, brought the time down to less than thirty days. This still did not meet the demands of progress and civilization, and in 1859 the stage coach was succeeded by the "Pony Express," which was only intended for light express matter and mail, and by the exhibition of pure courage and nerve and the endurance of more hardships than any other class of frontiersmen, the "Pony Express" still further reduced the time for making this wonderful trip to ten days.

On no page of history of this or any other country can be found recorded such an exhibition of nerve and endurance as was displayed by both man and beast. The route followed laid through a roadless section of the then undeveloped Western States, embracing hundreds of miles of boundless prairie lands without a mark other than Nature to guide the dare-devil

riders; over mountains and through canyons that were infested with numberless tribes of warlike Indians, and, what was even worse for the life and safety of riders and treasures alike, was the great number of men who had been declared "outlaws," because of their frequent hold-ups of the old stage coaches, and who held life even more cheaply than the Indian, if such a thing were possible. This class of men would think no more of ambushing and attacking these lone and fearless riders, perhaps emptying a six-shooter into their bodies after they had made a valiant fight and dash for their liberty and safety of their treasure, than they would to kill the wild wolf of the plains. The messages of hope that were so eagerly watched for by the business world and by parents and children of dear ones who had braved the dangers of a life on the then unsettled coast was what the public expected, and seldom was more than a passing thought given to those men who were daily placing their lives and health in the balance.

The relay posts of the "Pony Express" were usually from eight to fifteen miles apart, and could only be established where the conditions for their maintenance were best adapted. The animals used were the wild Western horses or bronchos, and a great number of them were of the type known as "buckers." As the rider would appear out on the boundless prairie or down the mountain side, nearing the place where horses were to be changed, those in charge would have the "fresh mount" in readiness, the old Mexican saddle being generally used, and the saddle-bags would be transferred from the foaming beast just in to the one about to start on its long race against time. The rider would be given something to eat or drink, and would invariably be ready to continue the journey by the time the change of equipment was made. The rider would continue in the saddle for from five to six stations, but a new horse was had at each relay. These horses were oftentimes very wild, some of them had never been saddled. Sometimes three and four men were required to saddle these animals, and often this could not be accomplished until after a blanket had been cast over

their heads. The rider would then mount and give the signal that he was ready. Here Mr. Broncho would bring his back up like a cat, stiffen all four legs, jump in the air first to one side, then to the other, and, after finding that he could not unseat his rider, would dash off on a dead run amid the shouts of his master and those at the station. So long and vigorous have some of these attempts been by the pony that, while not succeeding in dismounting the rider, the jolting and jarring would cause blood to flow from the mouth, nose, and ears, and in this condition the luckless and nervy rider would be dashed on to the next stop.

These stations had to be covered on a scheduled time, and, for this reason, the rider would let his horse go at full speed for some miles and then "rein up," so as to preserve himself and animal for any emergency. Oftentimes the exhausted messenger and steed would arrive at the ruins of what was once a relay station only to find that some band of marauding Indians had either killed or captured the little party in charge, taken all the horses, and burned the station. Nothing daunted, he would dash onward, not knowing at what minute he would be ambushed or pursued. Many are the interesting stories told by old riders of the "Pony Express" of long days and nights of vigil in the saddle, pursuit and attacks by the Indians, and "hold-ups" by "roaders" or outlaws; and also of the trail of murder and destruction that was found by the first men to ride the route. Here and there a broken or burned wagon or stage coach, surrounded by the bleached skeletons of both man and horse, bearing grim evidence to the last brave fight of some poor party of immigrants who had been either ambushed or outnumbered and fell under the merciless scalping-knife of the Indians, or had, perchance, lost their lives in the defence of a treasure coveted by those that held life more lightly than gold and set at defiance not only the laws of the nation, but the common law of mankind.

The qualifications of a "Pony Express" rider in those days were expert horsemanship, undaunted courage, sound judgment,

and a wonderful power of endurance. The dangers were manifold ; not only did the route lay through a country infested by roving bands of wild and murderous Indians, as well as by desperate road-agents, whose sole object was plunder and who did not hesitate to commit murder on the slightest pretext, but the natural conditions were sufficient to restrain the ordinary man. The whole country was subject to blinding snow-storms and blizzards during the winter, and in summer the dry, parched, long, weary road, the ragged sand hills, rugged mountains, long, brown plains and peculiar water-courses made it dangerous and lonesome beyond description. I have heard these riders talk among themselves of thrilling experiences while riding over their routes on dark and stormy nights, with practically no road to follow or marks to guide them, compelled to make their way as best they could. They continually expected to run upon a prowling band of Indians, be held up by road-agents, or fall into a deep gully or swollen stream, and were always haunted by fear of dangers that might cost their lives ; nor were these dangers altogether imaginary, for many a "Pony Express" rider has paid the penalty of his daring with his life.

Sometimes it snowed for twenty-four hours consecutively, covering the earth to a depth of two or three feet. The wind, rising to a gale, drifted the snow into the ravines, filling them up to a level with the plains. When a rider was so unfortunate as to lose his way in one of these blinding snow-storms he was liable at all times to lose his life by falling over a precipice, landing on the top of a tree, in the river, or at the bottom of a deep ravine. Riders have been known to fall over a precipice with their horse, landing at the bottom in snow many feet deep, and in the terrible struggle to escape the horse would break the arms or legs of the rider, very often killing him.

The last message to Congress by President Buchanan, in December, 1860, was carried from the Missouri River to Sacramento, California—a distance of more than two thousand

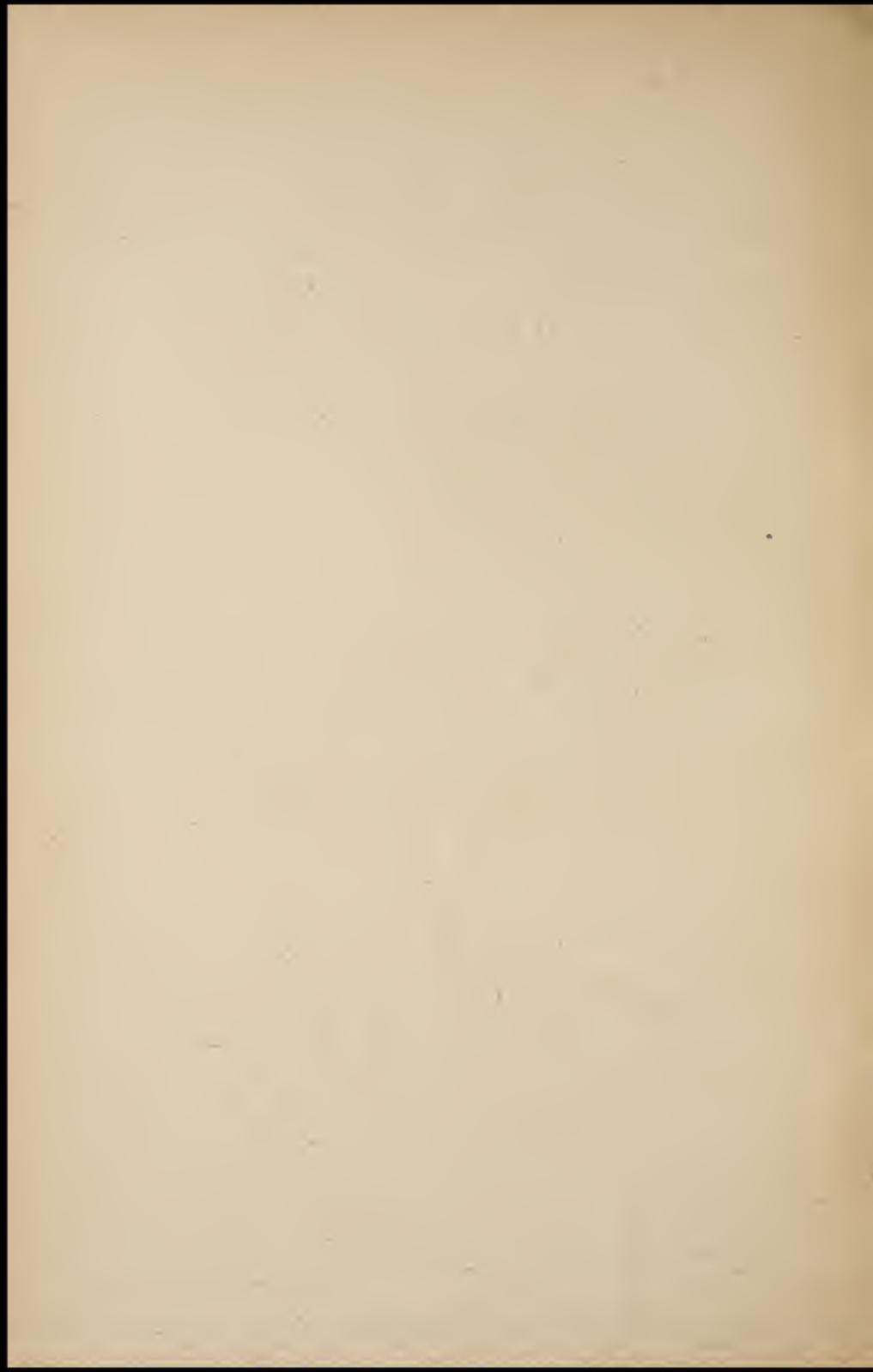
miles—in a little less than eight days; and the inaugural address of President Lincoln, March, 1861, went over the same route in seven days and sixteen hours. When the many obstacles that had to be overcome are taken into consideration—such as rain and snow-storms, swollen rivers, hostile Indians, road-agents, and other real dangers at almost every turn, together with the terrible strain on both man and horse in going over these trackless wilds—one can scarcely realize, in these days of fast express trains and luxurious Pullmans, the feats of wonderful endurance of those daring and hardy riders.

The greatest distance covered by a single rider of the "Pony Express" was done by a man named Aubrey, who made a ride of eight hundred miles in five and one-half days. During this time he was in the saddle night and day, and had but little rest. On reaching the end of his usual route he found that the rider who was to take his place had been killed by the Indians. Nothing remained for him to do but to take the dead man's place. He realized the difficulties ahead of him, though he knew that it was equally dangerous to remain where he was or to turn back. At that time the country swarmed with many bands of Indians on the warpath, and Aubrey was pursued by them from one place to another. He left the road and struck around the mountains and hills, thus continuing his journey. He made his way successfully over the route, and brought his express pouches through in safety. For months afterward he was scarcely able to walk, and this came near being his last ride.

The "Pony Express," while it filled to a degree the growing demands, was not a paying venture to those who had it in charge, and early in 1862 it was discontinued. More ready communication between the people of the Pacific and Atlantic States was required, and many methods were suggested; but capitalists would not venture on any enterprise, owing to the unsettled conditions of that section. Finally the Messrs. Creighton, who had built and operated telegraphic lines in Ohio and the Middle West, were appealed to. Having been fully con-

ATTACK ON THE PONY EXPRESS





vinced of the practicability and financial success of such a line, they were induced to construct it. After spending large amounts of money and much time in procuring the necessary material, in 1862 they began the work of building the first telegraphic line in that section along the former route of the "Pony Express." Many fine mule teams were used to draw the poles, wire, insulators, and other materials necessary to build the entire line. These teams consisted of two, four, and six large Kentucky mules to each wagon. The telegraph poles for the first eight hundred miles were hauled long distances, as the country through which the line passed was practically without timber. It required a great deal of courage to construct this line, although the Messrs. Creighton accomplished it and had it in full operation within a year. The line was well constructed, and was the natural outgrowth of the demands of civilization.

Notice the advance of but a few short years. First the slow and patient oxen, which required months to cross this vast stretch of country; then the stage coach and the "Pony Express," which reduced the time to twenty-seven and eight days, respectively; and now the telegraph, which brings the time to only seconds. But, withal, the "Pony Express" served its purpose, and deserves a living page in our Western History.

THE AMERICAN COWBOY.

AMERICAN cowboys are at once the most daring, most skilful, most graceful, and most useful horsemen in the world. They fulfil the metaphor of the fabled centaur, believed to have been a demi-god, half horse, half man, only that the cowboy excels the centaur in being an independent man who controlled the best points of the quadruped and made "man's best friend" subservient to his needs, his pleasures, and his pastimes. The centaur was depicted as a monster of equine locomotion; the cowboy is the emperor of equestrians.

The cowboy's worth and service to civilization cannot be justly estimated by the denizen of the East, who has generally regarded him as a sort of wild semi-desperado who revelled in raids upon Indians and never was happy except when engaged in some savage frontier mêlée after a reckless carousal.

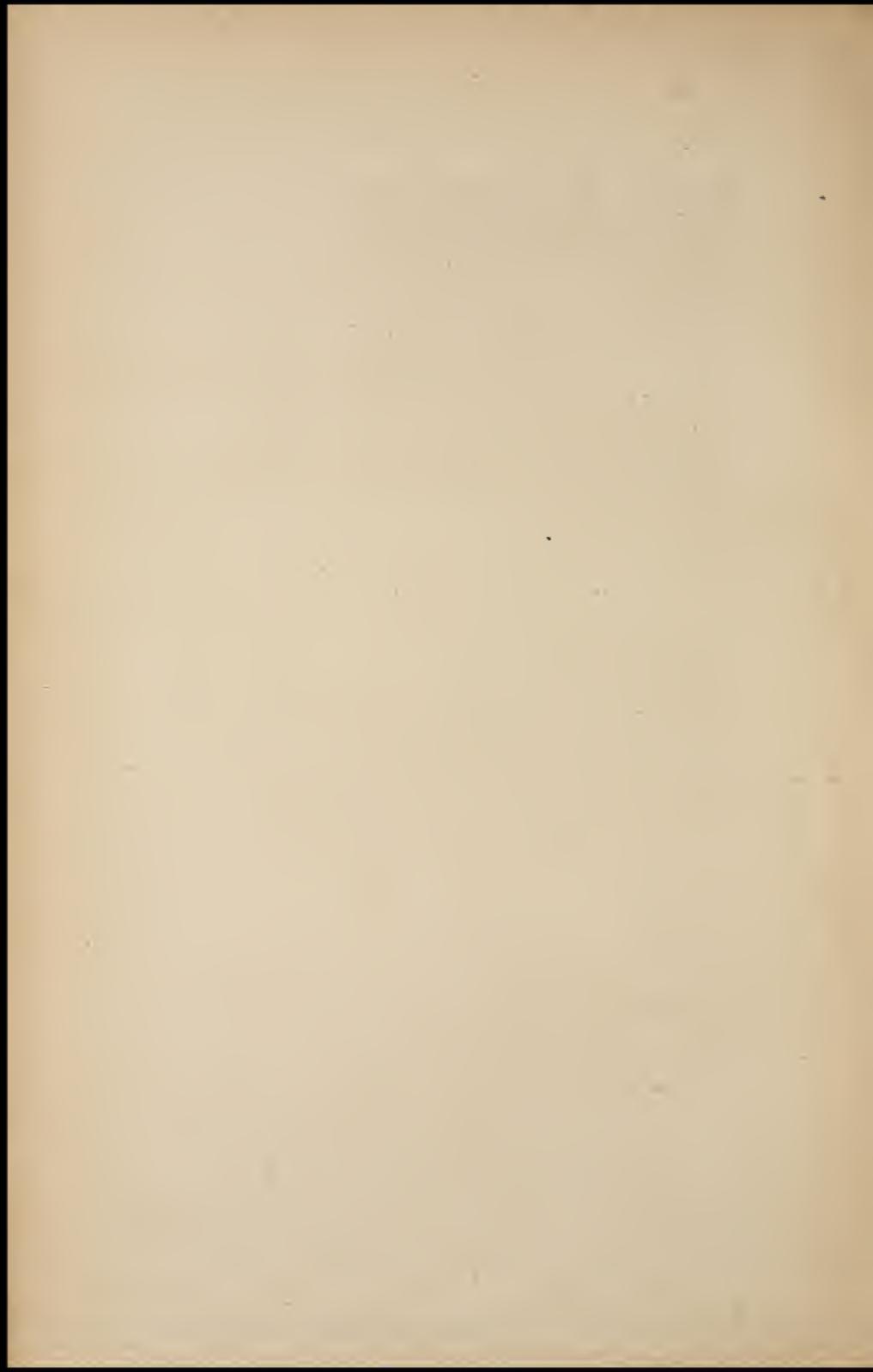
On the contrary, the cowboy has been and still is the perfect embodiment of natural chivalry. Inured from tender age to hardships and privations, he practices self-denial that would do honor to an anchorite and lives on the expansive prairie in an uninterrupted atmosphere of physical culture, which makes him hardy, patient, alert, quick of motion, self-reliant, and possessed of faculties of sight, hearing and discrimination denied to the children of great cities and large settlements.

His mental qualifications are enviable, while not attainable in colleges and seats of learning. His books have been found in the library of nature—grasses, plants, springs, shrubs, hills, and soil are eloquent open pages to him. He is as weather-wise as the mariner, and as much of a botanist as the average husbandman.

Thus endowed, through habitude and daily life, he is indeed



CUTTING OUT CATTLE ON PAWNEE BILL'S RANCH



ROUNDING 'EM UP ON PAWNEE BILL'S RANCH





COWBOY RACE





something more than the reckless reveller of the plains and frontiers described by the fervid writers of lurid frontier romances.

Without the cowboy hitherto, the cattle kings of the Far West could not have raised, grazed, controlled, collected their herds, without which the butcher States of the East would have been empty, and beef so scarce as to be at a premium. Without the cowboy, the thousands of miles of fertile prairie land would have been practically useless instead of being the richest pasture of the universe. Without the cowboy, civilization would have been hemmed in, and the fair States and Territories of the glorious West would have remained a howling wilderness to date.

Accustomed to roam and range upon their wiry, fleet-footed mustangs and bronchos for days and nights over miles of unclaimed country, the cowboy has become, perforce, the pilot of would-be pioneers, the scout of military expeditions, the leaders of colonies and boomers, the Nemesis and prosecutor of the ferocious Indian bent on devastation and ravage.

The cowboy can do on horseback anything that ordinary man can do afoot. He can make his mustang or broncho dance ; he can, at full speed, pick up the smallest objects from the ground ; he can, with unerring aim, shoot an enemy or lasso a bull or Indian fleeing from him for dear life.

The American cowboy is disappearing annually, and where there were hundreds a few years ago there are only dozens now.

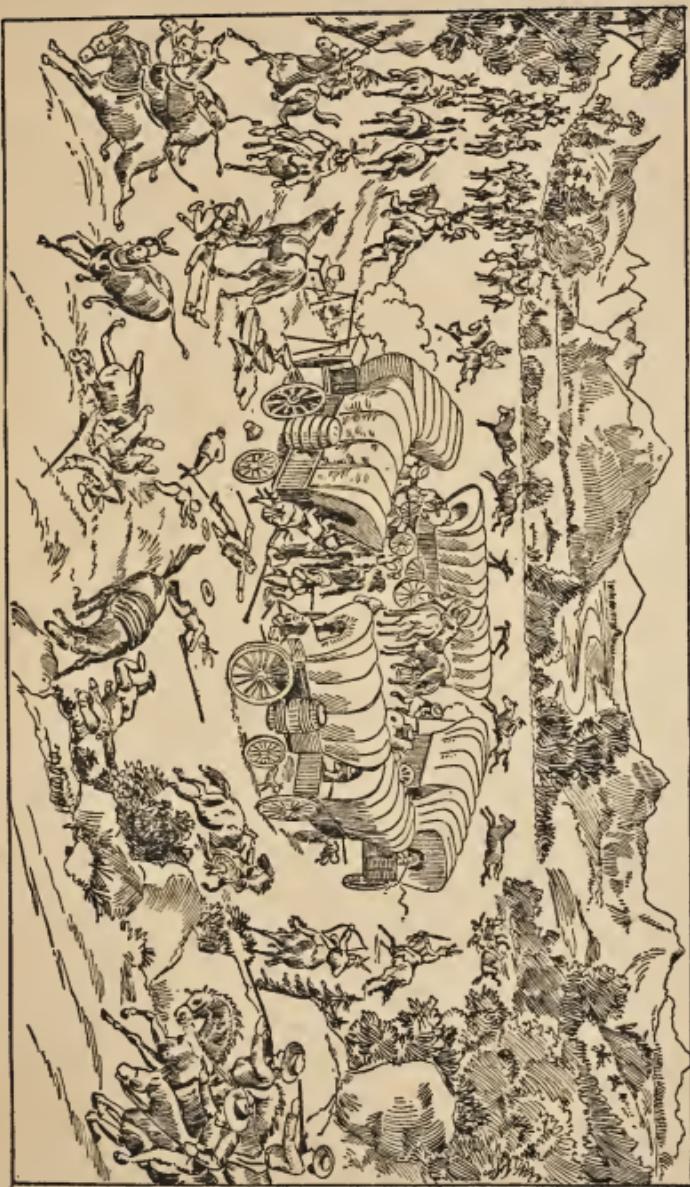
MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.

PERFECT civilization, even in the West, brought about by the intersection and settlement of the continent by that great benefactor and leveller, the railway train, makes stories like that of the atrocious massacre at Mountain Meadow seem like the legends of the Rhine and episodes of the epochs rendered terrible by the cruelties and ravages of the Goths, Huns, Vandals, and later of the Mohammedans.

Yet the Mountain Meadow massacre, which is a crimson blot upon the bright pages of American history, happened only forty-five years ago—within the memory and ken of the present generation of progress, invention, good morals, and merciful science. Nothing in the pages of war surpass it in savagery, cruelty, and sanguinary character. There was no real motive for it, outside of ruthless bigotry; no benefit to be derived from it other than that which accrues to him who murders his friend or innocent neighbor through jealousy.

It was in 1857, when people were crazed with the California gold fever—or, more properly speaking, filled with the belief in the facility with which fortunes were made in the great Pacific State—that a colony of emigrants started to cross the Plains, with all their earthly belongings, for that Eldorado beyond the setting sun. They were of every nationality and creed, yet a homogeneous crowd of hopeful, happy wayfarers. Day after day they journeyed onward, and day by day they drew nearer to the goal of their desires. They knew that soon they would reach their Canaan.

And so, you see, these honest persons, travelling westward in quest of homes and fortunes in the far distant gold fields of California, were happy in the hope of an early termination to



MOUNTAIN MEADOW MASSACRE.



their long and weary journey. They were only a short distance from Cedar City, Utah, then in the hands of the Mormon colony, who, being Caucasians like the members of the wagon-train, and presumably a God-fearing because religious people, were not suspected or dreaded as marauders or assassins.

But, unhappily for those who ordinarily might have sought succor from the Mormons in just such a strait as that which overtook the *voyageurs*, these "Latter-Day Saints" were worse than mountain tigers and more bloodthirsty than the hideous redskins on the warpath.

It was at an hour when even the emigrants felt fitted to cope with hostiles, and equal to an assault from predatory Indians who, they supposed, had been prowling around for some hours watching an opportunity to pounce down upon the helpless women and children when the men were most defenceless.

To say that the harmless wayfarers were taken by surprise would scarcely be correct, for their scouts, guides, and videttes saw the approaching destroyers and gave alarm sufficiently opportune to permit the main body to prepare for action. Without a moment's delay the wagons were arranged so as to form a circular barricade around the helpless and non-combatants, all of whom were "corralled," as they term it, and screened by the vehicles. These formed a miniature fortalice which could be defended against a large body of assailants armed as they were in those days. The pioneers were stout-hearted people—men and women of hardy promises and sterling fortitude, ready for any emergency—and determined to sell their lives dearly to beast of prey and robber of the plains or sierras. The women and maidens were not of the fainting kind, and many of them were just as brave as the Maid of Saragossa or Joan of Arc, famous in European history, and handled pistol and rifle with as unerring an aim as the men of the outfit.

Exultant were the doughty emigrants when they saw that their position was almost impregnable, and that the band of

hostile Indians, painted and feathered, could not make any impression on it without fearful loss of life to itself. At first the noble little band of wanderers rejoiced at what they deemed the careful discretion of the besiegers. Smiles of triumphant resolution lit up the visages of the beleaguered, and congratulations flitted from lip to lip at the victory which they believed was merely a question of time.

The first day and night passed by with the Indians still at bay, and hope, silvery-tongued, whispered of the safety which must follow when the foe withdrew, embarrassed and foiled, after sunrise the next day. The sun did rise, climb to the meridian, and sink down again behind the golden cloud-banks in the west, and the solemn shadows of the night deepened and overspread the "corral," and hid from its devoted occupants and defenders in the folds of the earth's black mantle the sanguinary scoundrels who were waiting to slay them.

With this second night came a new and equally relentless foe—thirst; yes, thirst implacable; unallayable thirst. There was not a drop of water to be had. Women and children had nothing to drink, and investigation showed that in the haste of building and arranging their defences the men had so located the corral that the Indians could and did cut off their water-supply. This accounts for their quietude, which became a hundred times more terrible because it told that they were simply waiting for thirst to do its work and place the brave little band, weak and helpless, in their power.

For four days, with heroism unrivalled even by the Spartans at Thermopylae, the emigrants sternly stood their ground and prayed silently and fervently to Heaven for mercy. At last the assailants, craftily comprehending the situation, sent in a flag of truce to the temporary stockade, and a parley with the men therin resulted in the acceptance of the proposal made by the envoys, who proved to be Mormons. Thus amazed and dumfounded, the emigrants felt that there was no hope for them, since white men could resort to such measures to obtain converts. They acquiesced, and agreed to join the Mormon

colony and to abandon their design to go to the gold fields of California.

John D. Lee, Mormon elder and commander of the besieging party, who were disguised as Indians, appeared to be satisfied, but ordered the men—husbands, fathers, brethren of the women and children—to arrange themselves upon one side and lay down their arms. The women and children were placed on the opposite side. The men's weapons being secured, Lee gave the order to fire on the men, who were literally butchered before the very eyes of their wives, daughters, sisters, and little ones by these dreadful monsters in human form, who styled themselves Danites—that is, Destroying Angels. Lee only wanted for recruits the women and the young children, whose plastic minds could be moulded to Mormonism. Lee was captured and hanged for this wholesale murder, and two years later General Carlton buried the bones of one hundred and twenty of the miscreants' victims. A monument was raised above them to mark their martyrdom.

GENERAL CUSTER.

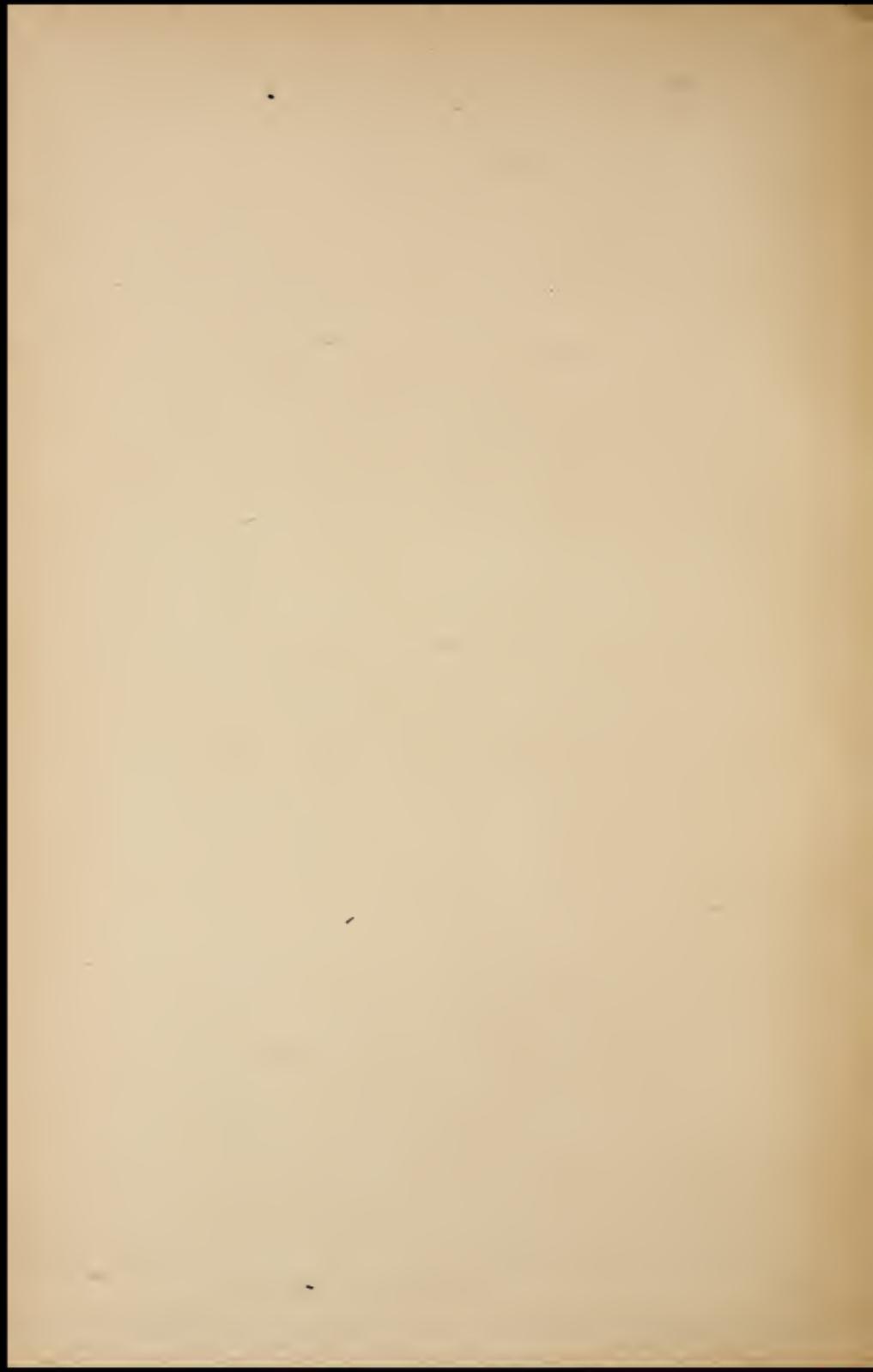
A Fearless Officer. Leader of the Victims of Indian Warfare at the Battle of Little Big Horn. The First Man to Wage a Winter Campaign Against the Indians under Chief Black Kettle. Full Confidence of General Sheridan. His Death June 25, 1876.

WINTER in the West being so severe—constant blizzards and blinding snow-storms, with the thermometer 10 to 35 degrees below zero—made the life of the soldier almost unendurable, and had usually meant the close of military action against the Indians on the great plains.

No one knew this fact better than the Indians themselves, and as soon as the first snow covered the grass they always left the warpath and proceeded to snugly ensconce themselves in comfortable shape by selecting a sheltered site on the wooded banks of some large stream far away from the outermost limits of even the most advanced line of frontier settlements. Here they would establish their camps in permanent winter-quarters, to which, in due time, their scouting parties brought their supplies of dried buffalo, deer, and other meats which had been put up by the squaws at various periods during the preceding summer and securely hidden or “cached” against this time of need ; for the vast herds of buffalo upon which they relied for food always migrated as soon as the grass was snow-capped, seeking pasture in the South or up among the wooded foot-hills of the Rocky Mountains. Neither had they any longer forage for their ponies, which were herded, under guard of the half-grown boys and women, along the bottom lands of the rivers upon which their camps were located, and they became



GENERAL CUSTER



thin and weak upon such "gama" grass as they could get by scraping away the snow with their hoofs or by filling their gnawing stomachs with the summer's growth of swamp-willow shoots which grew on the bushes that lined the banks of the streams.

They had no fear of other hostile tribes, for they well knew that they, too, would abandon the warpath during the winter ; and as for the white man, they felt that where they could not overcome the rigors of the climate it would be in vain for him to attempt to do so. Moreover, all experience in former wars had shown that with the advent of winter the soldiers were withdrawn to the shelter of the permanent posts or forts until the following spring. So, with their tepees strongly pitched against the strength of the winter winds, banked up with earth and doubly covered with Indian-tanned buffalo hides, the red-handed warriors who had so successfully harassed the Western frontier, killed the men of its isolated settlements, outraged their women, and then mercilessly butchered them and their little children, made their camp warm and comfortable, and quietly sat down in fancied security and savage idleness, and proceeded to leisurely while away the winter in card-playing, feasting, dancing, and boasting of daring and dastardly deeds against the defenceless wagon-trains and settlements and planning for the next spring campaign ; while far away along the line of the scattered frontier the white snow fell silently, and, blown by the prairie winds, drifted against and finally covered, as with a white pall, the half-burned logs that marked the site of the once happy home of the dead frontiersman and his family.

The close of the summer's campaign of 1868 against the Indians on the Western plains, while it had resulted in some losses to the savages, had not done them enough harm to take the fighting spirit out of them or convince them that the Government was strong enough to effectually punish them for their attacks on the frontier settlements. On the contrary, abandonment of the Powder River country, together with the evacuation of Forts Reno, Phil Kearney, and C. F. Smith at their

arrogant demand, which forts they promptly burned as soon as the troops were withdrawn, had made them confident in their own strength and filled them up with the idea that the Government feared them; for the wild Indian, from the very nature of his training, cannot comprehend that anything once in the possession of another should ever be given up save and only through fear.

General Sheridan, however, had already determined upon a winter's campaign against the Indians, but he alone was confident of its ultimate success, and accordingly he at once sternly set about its execution, despite predictions of its failure by old frontiersmen as well as some of his subordinates, who, in age and length of service, were much older soldiers than himself, even if of much less exalted rank in the army. Up to this time a winter's campaign on the great plains was an unheard of proceeding and was regarded as an impossibility; but, never doubting or hesitating, the General threw himself into its execution with all his accustomed energy and thoroughness of detail. He ordered the establishment of a supply-station at Monument Creek, in Southern Kansas, from which a force of six hundred infantry was to operate along the banks of the main Canadian River. A second supply-station was made near the head-waters of the North Canadian River, from which five troops of cavalry were to operate southward toward the Autolope Hills. These two commands were to keep scouting and constantly moving over a certain designated section of the country, so as to hunt out any detached bands of Indians that might be wintering in their vicinity. The third and main winter supply-depot was located near the junction of Beaver Creek and the North Canadian River, in Indian Territory, a little more than one hundred miles south of Fort Dodge, and was known as Camp Supply.

The members of this cantonment were eleven troops of the 7th United States Cavalry, four companies of infantry, and the 19th Kansas Cavalry, a newly recruited regiment of volunteers for Indian service. Early in November General

Sheridan took up his field headquarters at this point, that the winter's operations might be almost under his personal supervision. The 7th United States Cavalry had been organized at the close of the Civil War. Its officers were men who had seen much service in the South, and most of its enlisted men were old soldiers who had served in various volunteer regiments from 1861 to 1865. Its lieutenant-colonel and commanding officer in the field was General George A. Custer, one of the youngest, most daring, and capable of our cavalry generals during the Civil War, and with a well-deserved reputation for great personal gallantry and untiring energy. On the evening of November 22, 1868, he was ordered to take the field on the following day and find and attack the Indians in their winter camps, presumably somewhere along the Washita River.

At four o'clock on the morning of November 23, bugle-calls aroused the sleeping troopers from their tents to roll-call. It was too dark to see, but they soon realized that snow was a foot in depth, the thermometer below zero, and a blinding blizzard of a snow-storm raging apparently in all directions. Beyond feeding their shivering horses, which were tied to a picket-rope in the open, and brushing the snow from their backs, stable-call was a farce. Breakfast at five o'clock A.M. Standing in the snow around a camp-fire was not much better, though a cup or two of hot coffee was relished most decidedly. The trumpet-call of "the General" set everyone to work taking down and packing the tents, and just before daylight "boots and saddles" told the half-frozen men that they were in for the winter's campaign. Saddling was shortly over. "To horse" and "mount" quickly followed, and the regiment moved out in column of twos, preceded by the scouts and Indian guides, but so dense was the snow-storm that the Indian guides confessed their inability to find the way to Wolf Creek, fifteen miles distant, which was to be the first night's camping-ground. In fact, it was not possible to see anything twenty yards ahead, so General Custer took out his map, and the com-

mand found their way through the storm to Wolf Creek solely by the aid of the compass. How the heavily loaded little wagon-train of supplies managed to get through to the camp was almost incomprehensible to the whole command ; but the frontier "bull-whacker" develops into a marvellous mule-driver, and the Government mule, when compelled to do so, can climb up a hill or slide down one like a goat, and pull a heavily loaded wagon after him, swing out of its way when it comes thundering down on him, and never even get out of the harness. But reaching camp was in a great measure due to the escort of the wagon-train, which was one of the troop of the 7th Cavalry, that did yeoman work that winter's day, by the aid of long coils of rope and their lariats, in fairly lifting the wagon-train along over its rough road to the first night's camping-ground. The next day was but little better, though the storm abated somewhat as the command continued its march up the valley of Wolf Creek ; but the thermometer registered 10° below zero, and the snow was eighteen inches deep on the level. Of the march of November 25th General Custer wrote :

"Our route still kept up the valley of Wolf Creek. Nothing was particularly worthy of notice except the immense quantities of game seeking shelter from the storm which was offered by the little strip of timber extending along Wolf Creek and its branches. Even the buffaloes, with their huge shaggy coats, huddled together in the timber, so drowsy or benumbed from the effects of the cold as not to discover our approach, fell an easy prey to the Indian scouts and the marching column, and a bountiful supply of fresh buffalo meat was laid in."

That night the command again camped in the valley, but the weather was bitter cold, and as they stood in the snow around their little camp-fires—for wood at this point was scarce—and ate their supper of smoky and half-roasted buffalo meat, bacon, hard-tack and coffee, it was not strange that their thoughts flew far away to other days and other scenes, for it was

Thanksgiving Day, and memory did not fail to bring back to most of them cheerful hearthstones and ample but dainty tables groaning beneath the choicest of foods and surrounded by bright and joyous faces beaming with good cheer, content, and happiness ; and so even the best and most enthusiastic soldier among them was a bit more quiet than usual as he smoked his pipe and thought of the faraway loved ones ere he wrapped his blanket about him, and, crawling into his little dog-tent, lay down to sleep on the frozen earth, from which he had managed in some manner to sweep away most of the snow with which it had been covered. The next night the command encamped near the mouth of a little stream that emptied into the Canadian River a few miles further on. Wood was plenty, and the camp was an unusually good one. General Custer decided to move his command across the Canadian River the next day, but determined to send Major Elliott with three full troops of the regiment on a scout fifteen miles up the valley on the north bank of the river in search of any recent Indian trails made since the snow had fallen by any scattered war parties, and which might give him a clew to the probable location of the winter camps of the Indians and possibly a straight road thereto. Major Elliott was off promptly by daylight, and, a ford having been found, General Custer crossed with his command ; but it was hard and dangerous work, as the river was bankful, with a rapid current and great quantities of floating ice, to say nothing of the bottom being in places quicksand. However, by doubling the teams and the free use of ropes and lariats, it was finally accomplished, and by eleven o'clock the train and the entire command was on the south side of the Canadian River and had moved across the valley and up to the level of the great plains. Just at this time Corbin, one of General Custer's scouts, came riding at full speed with the information that Major Elliott, when twelve miles up the north fork of the Canadian, had discovered the trail of an Indian war party, about one hundred and fifty strong, not more than twenty-four hours old ; had followed it

across to the south bank of the river, and was in full pursuit. Corbin was furnished a fresh mount and sent back full speed to tell Elliott to push on until 8 o'clock in the evening, and if by that time General Custer had not joined him to camp and wait for him.

Leaving his train under guard of eighty men, with instructions to follow as fast as possible, General Custer set out with the rest of his force to overtake Major Elliott. Each man carried one hundred rounds of ammunition, coffee, and hard bread, and a small amount of forage. Tents and extra blankets were left with the wagon-train. It was to be a ride that was to end only when the Indians were overtaken. The snow was now a foot deep on the plains, but the weather had moderated so that by mid-day the upper crust became soft. General Custer took a direct line across the open plain and frequently changed the leading troop of his column, as breaking the way was very exhausting to the horses. It was not until 9 o'clock that he overtook Elliott, who had halted near the trail on a stream of good water and was concealed in the timber awaiting his arrival. The horses were unsaddled, well rubbed down, and given a good feed of oats. Camp-fires were built under the steep banks of the creek to conceal the fire from observation, and the men made coffee, which, with "hard-tack," was a most welcome meal. After an hour's rest the horses were quietly saddled, and without the slightest noise the cavalry moved out again and took up the trail by moonlight, led by the Osage guides and the scouts, California Joe and Corbin. Not a loud word was spoken, and strict orders forbid the lighting of a match or smoking of a pipe. After following the trail for a number of miles the command was halted at the request of one of the Osage Indian guides, who averred that he smelled smoke or fire. This was doubted, but he was ordered to advance cautiously, and the cavalry followed slowly. Half a mile further on a small camp-fire was discovered smouldering in the timber. The Indian scouts now advanced cautiously, and, after carefully examining the

vicinity and hunting over the ground, gave it as their opinion that this fire had been started by Indian boys who had been herding and grazing their ponies there the day before, and that the Indian village was probably within two or three miles distance. The Indian scouts again took up the trail, but moved very carefully, the cavalry keeping some distance to the rear and moving as quietly as possible. General Custer himself now accompanied the two Osage Indian scouts, who kept just at his horse's head.

Custer wrote :

"The same guide who had discovered the fire advanced cautiously to the crest and looked carefully into the valley below ; then crouched down, and came creeping back.

"'What is it ?'

"'Heaps Injuns down there.'"

In a moment General Custer had dismounted, crept to the crest and looked over. He could indistinctly see a herd of some kind of animals, but a moment later the barking of a dog, followed by the tinkling of a bell, told him it was the Indian pony herd, and he knew then that his force was fairly upon the winter camp of the Indians, and undiscovered. It was now past midnight ; so, quietly and quickly hurrying back to his troops, Custer assembled all his officers, told them to take off their sabres, that their clanking might not make any noise, and silently guided them to a point of observation. There, in the moonlight, he pointed out the location of the Indian village, that they all might have a good general idea of the exact situation, and stealthily withdrew to the regiment, which was standing to horse on the trail a little less than a mile away ; he gave his orders for the attack. He divided his force into four detachments of nearly equal strength—his entire command numbering something more than eight hundred men—with instructions to two of the detachments to move out at once and make a circuitous march of several miles and take up positions on the farther side of the Indian village, and in little more than an hour after they had left the

column these two detachments, which had moved out to the left for the farther side of the village, had made a long detour and carefully and cautiously taken up their allotted places and lay silently and undiscovered within a short half mile of the Indian camp, the tepees of which occupied the timber along the river bank in a straggling line that stretched down stream for more than a quarter of a mile.

Another detachment moved slowly and cautiously about a mile to the right of the trail and took up a position in the valley on the right of the village, partially concealed in a clump of woods. General Custer, with the fourth detachment, remained on the main trail. The village was thus completely surrounded, and the orders were for all forces to approach the village as near as might be without the risk of discovery, conceal themselves as much as possible, and to remain absolutely quiet until daybreak. Strict orders were given that not a match was to be lighted nor a shot to be fired until the charge was sounded by the regimental trumpeter in Custer's detachment, when each of the other three detachments were to charge upon the village and attack it at all points. It grew very cold toward morning, but the men were not allowed to make the slightest noise, not even to swing their arms or stamp their feet, and it was more than three long hours until daylight, even after the various detachments had reached their hiding-places.

General Custer had no absolute knowledge that they had done so, but he knew he could depend upon his officers to do all that was possible, and that the rank and file had in the past experienced enough hardships at the hands of these same Indians to make them doubly eager to give them a complete surprise. While waiting to attack the men were all dismounted, each man holding his own horse, and many of them, while still holding their bridles, wrapped the capes of their overcoats over their heads and threw themselves down in the snow in front of their horses and went to sleep. At the first sign of dawn every one was astir. Overcoats were taken off

and strapped to the saddles in order that the men's movements might not be impeded by their bulk and weight ; carbines were carefully loaded and slung ; pistols examined and loosened in their holsters ; saddles recinched and curb-chains carefully looked to. Then, as a whispered command to mount ran quickly along the line, the men sprang lightly into their saddles, gathered up their reins, fixed their eyes for an instant on the brightening heavens in the east, and turned with quickened ears and eager eyes in the direction of the Indian village, impatiently awaiting the bugle blasts which they well knew would soon wake the echoes along the banks of the Washita.

At this moment General Custer, at the head of his command, was moving at a slow walk on the main trail to the village. His bugler, with his trumpet in his hand and his eyes on the General, rode by his side, while just in the rear was the regimental band, whose leader had orders to play "Garry Owen," the regimental war cry, the instant the charge was sounded. A turn in the trail, and in the dim light of early morning, five hundred yards distant, dotting the north bank of the Washita for more than a quarter of a mile, without a sign of human life about it, lay the Indian village. From the tops of three or four of the tepees a light wreath of smoke floated languidly on the cold, still morning air, while close to it was the pony herd ; but the ponies evidently scented danger, and, throwing up their heads, the herd began to slowly move off. For an instant Custer believed that the Indians had been warned, and feared that the village was deserted. The next second his astonished ears heard the sharp report of a rifle from the other end of the village. Instantly turning to his trumpeter, General Custer commanded :

"Sound the charge !"

Placing his trumpet to his lips, he obeyed ; and as the piercing sounds of "the charge" cut clearly through the frosty air, Custer glanced back over his shoulder at his expectant band-leader, driving the rowels of his spurs into his charger's

flanks as he did so, and shouted : "Play!" and then, to the rollicking air of "Garry Owen," the whole column broke into a mad gallop, dashed out around and by the band, and with a ringing cheer and in a mighty rush swept down the trail to the village, while borne on the wind to Custer's anxious ears, as they galloped on, three other trumpets echoed the blare of his own in answering charge, and from every side of the doomed Indian village, with hoarse and heavy cheers and thundering stride, came three other converging columns of cavalry charging straight for the Indian tepees. It was a complete surprise to the Indians, and the sleeping warriors sprang from their blankets, grasped their rifles, and, throwing back the entering flap of their tepees, leaped into the open air to make what stand they could against their enemies. The screams of the women and children, the howling and baying of the Indian dogs, the shouts of the soldiers, the crack of the rifles and the wild rush of the charging troopers through the village, mingled with the war-cry of the now defiant and desperate Cheyennes, made for a short time a heart-rending scene of awful retribution, for the cavalry had fallen upon Chief Black Kettle's band, the very worst in the Cheyenne Nation, and the one that had done more to devastate the Kansas frontier than any other one band on the great plains.

Whatever may be said against the American Indian—and much that is bad can be truthfully said—cowardice is not one of his faults, especially of the Cheyennes; and, fiend that he was, Black Kettle was not a coward. He was the very first to spring, fully armed, from his wigwam, for his quick ear had caught the sound of advancing cavalry even before the trumpet sounded the charge, and, firing his rifle as a signal to his band (this being the gunshot that had startled Custer), he called upon them to rally, shouting his war-cry of defiance as the cavalry swept down upon his village, where, disdaining flight, he was one of the first Indians to fall dead from the opening volley of the soldiers, but he fell gallantly fighting and at the front, dying bravely, like the savage warrior that



CHIEF BLACK KETTLE.

he was. In less than one hour the cavalry had complete possession of the Indian village, but only after hard fighting.

(Some of those who were fighting with the Kansas volunteers had been brought close to the scalping-knife of Black Kettle and his murderous Cheyennes, and not a few had lost dear friends and even members of their immediate family in some one or the other of his treacherous raids. The natural feeling of vengeance was manifest greatly, and an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, aye, even a life for a life, was the battle-cry of many of these sturdy frontiersmen. Colonel Chivington had been one who knew full well the trail of sadness and desolation left by these Indians, for his own dear ones had fell their victims. In the excitement of battle, Colonel Chivington rushed on Black Kettle and with his own knife lifted the scalp-lock of the dead chief. For this act, however, he afterward had his commission taken from him, and left the ranks of the volunteers. Major Gordon W. Lillie (Pawnee Bill) to

this day has kept, and values most of all his relics of Indian life and warfare, the scalp-lock of the most bloodthirsty of all the Cheyenne Indians, Chief Black Kettle.)

But soon the question was: Could they hold it? All of the Indian braves who had escaped from the tepees had taken positions behind rocks, trees, and under cover of the river bank, and, led by Little Rock, the next in rank to Black Kettle, now assailed the soldiers from all sides. General Custer soon realized that he had sharp work before him, and was much puzzled at the apparent strength of his assailants, and still more so when some of them appeared fully mounted in his immediate front. Inquiry soon developed the fact that the village of Black Kettle, which he had captured, was located the highest up on the stream, while below it, in succession, a mile or two apart and within less than twelve miles, were located the villages of all the hostile tribes of the Southern plains, including other bands of Cheyennes, Arapahoes, Kiowas, Comanches, and even some of the Apaches. Re-forming his command as rapidly as he could get the detachments together, he prepared for an attack of the Indians in force. It soon came; but, forming his men on foot in a circle within the village, he was able to successfully repel it. His quartermaster, Major Bell, fearing he might need ammunition, had taken a small escort from the train and pushed through with it, arriving just in time to be of the greatest service.

Custer now proceeded to destroy the village by burning it, with all its supplies. Then, mounting his troops, he attacked and drove back the assailing Indians. He had captured Black Kettle's herd of more than eight hundred ponies, but now realized that he could not get them safely back to Camp Supply; so, after taking what were needed to mount the captive women and children, he ordered the remainder shot. He now prepared to make his way back, but on assembling his command Major Elliott and fourteen enlisted men were missing. When last seen, Major Elliott was in close pursuit of a small party of Indians, but, notwithstanding the fact that

searching parties were sent out as far as was safe to send them, nothing could be found of the Major and his men. The fate of this little band of Indian fighters, which consisted of Major Elliott, Sergeant-Major Kennedy, three corporals, and ten privates of the 7th Cavalry, was not positively known until December 10th following. General Custer said of these brave men and their fate :

“ The bodies of Elliott and his little band, with but a single exception, were found lying within a circle not exceeding twenty yards in diameter. We found them exactly as they fell, except that their barbarous foes had stripped and mutilated their bodies in the most savage manner. No words were needed to tell how desperate had been the struggle, and how dearly these brave men had sold their lives before they were overwhelmed.”

Custer now mounted his men and headed straight for Camp Supply, which he reached in safety with all his prisoners. The 7th Cavalry had lost Major Elliott, Captain Hamilton and nineteen enlisted men, and had three officers and eleven men wounded. The Indians lost two of their chiefs—Black Kettle and Little Rock—and more than one hundred warriors killed, besides their wounded. By far the best result of this expedition was that it taught the Indians that the winter's ice and snow no longer meant rest and safety for them after a summer of bloody raids upon the frontier settlements.

A Letter from General Philip H. Sheridan on the First Winter Campaign Against the Indians. Its Causes and Good Results.

With the return of General Custer and the 7th Cavalry to Camp Supply, and the glad tidings of the success of the campaign, came an avalanche of protests from the East, the so-called humanitarians apparently going wild over it, and through the pulpit, the press, and Congress, without pausing

for a moment to inquire into the military necessity that demanded it or the justice that sanctioned it, they proceeded bitterly to assail General Sheridan, General Custer, the Army and the War Department, alleging that the campaign was made solely that the army might have an excuse for its existence, never seeming to realize that the Indians had brought the trouble upon themselves by a series of unprovoked murders and outrages upon the frontiersmen and their families almost passing the bounds of mortal endurance.

General Sheridan, however, said little or nothing at the time, but unhesitatingly continued his movements. In his first report of his winter's operations he struck back rather savagely at his Eastern assailants, and as this official report to the Commanding General of the Army not only outlines with sketchy distinctness his winter's campaign, but gives his reasons for it, without glossing over the actions of the Indians that occasioned it, we shall quote directly from it, believing that the mass of our people have little or no knowledge of the actual brutality of the Indians of the great plains :

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSOURI,
" November 1, 1869.

"GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN,

"General-in-Chief of the Army, Washington, D. C.

"GENERAL: I have the honor to submit for your information the following report of military operations in the Department of Missouri from October 15, 1868, to March 27, 1869. In my annual report of last year, and in a special report made previously, I gave details of the murderous outbreaks and massacre of defenceless frontier citizens by that class of our people known as Indians.

"The Indians have run riot along the lines of our Western settlements and the emigrant and commercial lines of travel for many years, murdering and plundering, without any adequate punishment, and the Government has heretofore sought

to give protection to some of its best interests by making presents to these savages ; or, in other words, while it found it necessary to enact the most stringent laws for the government of civilized whites, it was attempting to govern a wild, brutal, and savage people without any laws at all.

"The experience of many years of this character of Indian depredations, with security to themselves and families in the winter, had made them very confident and bold ; especially was this true of the previous summer and winter. So boldly had this system of murder and robbery been carried on that not less than eight hundred people had been murdered since June, 1862—men, women, and children. To disabuse the minds of the savages of this confident security, and to strike them at a period at which they were the most if not entirely helpless, became a necessity, and the General-in-Chief then in command of this division authorized a winter campaign, and at or about the same time directed that the reservation set apart for the Kiowas and Comanches at the Wichita Mountains should be considered a place of refuge, where, if the savages would go and submit they would be exempt from the operations of the troops.

"The blow that General Custer had struck was a hard one, and fell on the guiltiest of all the bands—that of Black Kettle. It was this band that, without provocation, had massacred the settlers on the Saline and Solomon and perpetrated cruelties too fiendish for recital.

"Black Kettle was also with the band on Walnut Creek, where they made their medicines or held their devilish incantations previous to the party setting out to massacre the settlers. I subjoin here the affidavit of Edmund Guerriere, an educated half-breed and an intelligent man, who was with the tribe at the time, showing that the men of this very band were the leaders of the massacre and instigators of the war :

"HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE MISSOURI.
"IN THE FIELD, MEDICINE BLUFF CREEK, WICHITA MOUNTAINS,
"February 9, 1869.

"Personally appeared before me, Edmund Guerriere, who resides on the Purgatoire River, Colorado Territory, who, being duly sworn, testifies as follows :

"I was with the Cheyenne Indians at the time of the massacre on the Solomon and Saline Rivers, in Kansas, the early part or middle of last August, and I was living at this time with Little Rock's band.

"The war party who started for the Solomon and Saline was Little Rock's, Black Kettle's, Medicine Arrow's, and Bull Bear's bands ; and, as near as I can remember, nearly all the different bands of Cheyennes had some of their young men in this war party which committed the outrages and murders on the Solomon and Saline. Red Nose and The-Man-Who-Breaks-the-Marrow-Bones (Ho-ch-a-mo-a-Hoe) were the two leaders in this massacre, the former belonging to the Dog Soldiers and the latter to Black Kettle's band. As soon as we heard the news by runners, who came on ahead to Black Kettle, saying that they had already commenced fighting, we moved from our camp to Buckner's Fork of the Pawnee, near its head-waters, down to the North Fork, where we met Big Jake's band, and then moved south across the Arkansas River ; and when we got to the Cimarron, George Bent and I left them, and went to our homes on the Purgatoire.

"EDMUND GUERRIERE.

"Witness :

"J. SCHUYLER CROSBY,

"Brev. Lieut.-Col. U. S. A., Aid-de-Camp."

"There was no provocation on the part of the whites or of the Government to justify the Indians in commencing hostilities, except an allegation that the agent would not deliver guns and ammunition to the tribe ; and it is time that the Indians should know that any act of the Government or people will not justify murder, rape, and pillage.

"We found in Black Kettle's village photographs and daguerreotypes, clothing and bedding from the houses of the persons massacred on the Solomon and Saline. The mail which I had sent by the expressmen, Nat Marshall and Bill Davis, from Bluff Creek to Fort Dodge, who were murdered and mutilated, was likewise found ; also a large blank book, with Indian illustrations of the different fights which Black Kettle's band had been engaged in, especially about Fort Wallace and on the line of the Denver stages, showing when the fight had been with the colored troops and when with white men ; also when trains had been captured and women killed in wagons. Still a hue and cry was raised through the influence of the Indian Ring, in which some good and pious ministers of the Gospel took part and became the aiders and abettors of savages who murdered without mercy men, women, and children, in all cases ravishing the women, sometimes as often as forty and fifty times in succession, and, while insensible from brutality and exhaustion, forced sticks up their persons, and in one instance the last savage drew his sabre and used it on the person of the woman in the same manner. I do not know how far these humanitarians should be excused on account of their ignorance, but surely it is the only excuse that gives a shadow of justification for aiding and abetting such horrid crimes.

"Although General Custer had struck a hard blow and wiped out old Black Kettle and his murderers and ravishers of helpless women, I did not feel that our work was done yet, but desired that the Indians should see fully how helpless they were, even at this season, when the Government was in earnest. So, on December 7th, after getting the Kansas regiment as well set up as possible, we moved toward the head-waters of the Washita, with thirty days' rations for the men and about one-quarter rations of forage for the animals.

"The snow was still on the ground, and the weather very cold, but the officers and men were cheerful, although the men had only shelter-tents. We moved due south until we struck

the Washita near Custer's fight of November 27th, having crossed the main Canadian with the thermometer about 18° below zero.

"After reaching the Washita my intentions were to take up the trail of the Indians and follow it. We rested one day and made an examination of the ground ; found the bodies of Major Elliott and his small party, and examined the Indian camps or villages which had been abandoned when General Custer struck Black Kettle's band. They extended about twelve or thirteen miles down the river, and, from the appearance of things, they had fled in the greatest haste, abandoning provisions, robes, cooking utensils, and every kind of property, and it appeared to me that they must have at last begun to realize that winter was not going to give them security.

"On the next day we started down the Washita, following the Indian trail ; but, finding so many deep ravines and canyons, I thought we would move out on the Divide, but a blinding snow-storm coming on, and fearing to get lost with a large command and trains of wagons on a treeless prairie, without water, we were forced back to the banks of the Washita, where we could at least get wood and water. Next day we continued down the river, following the trail of the Indians, and crossed numerous ravines by digging and bridging with pioneer parties. This was kept up until the evening of December 16th, when we came upon the Indians—mostly Kiowas. They did not dream that any soldiers could operate in such cold and inclement weather, and we marched down on them before they knew of our presence in the country. After night they saw our fires, and, by means of relays, communicated with General Hazen, and obtained a letter from him saying that the Kiowas were friendly. I had just followed their trail from Custer's battle-field, and a portion of this band had just come from Texas, where they had murdered and plundered in the most barbarous manner, while in the previous spring their outrages on the Texas border are too

horrible to relate, one item of which is that, in returning to their villages, fourteen of the poor little captive children were frozen to death.

"Next the Cheyennes broke their promise and did not come in, so I ordered General Custer to move against them. This he did, and overtook the band on the head-waters of Red River, apparently moving north. It is possible they were on their way to Camp Supply, as in some of the conversations I had with Little Robe I had declared that if they did not get into the Fort Cobb Reservation within a certain time they would not be received there, but would be received at Camp Supply. This was because I expected to stay only for a limited time at Fort Cobb, intending to return to Camp Supply.

"Custer found them in a very forlorn condition, and could have destroyed, I think, most of the tribe and their villages; but contented himself with taking their renewed promise to come into Camp Supply and the releasing of two white women whom they held as captives. The most of the tribe fulfilled this promise so far as coming into the vicinity of Camp Supply and communicating with the commanding officer; but Tall Bull's band again violated the promise made, and went north to the Republican, where he joined a party of Sioux, who, on May 13, 1869, were attacked and defeated with heavy loss, whereupon the whole tribe moved into Camp Supply.

"Meantime, while the Arapahoes and Cheyennes were negotiating with me to surrender, the Quahada and Staked Plains Comanches sent a delegation over to Bascom, offering to surrender themselves, under the expectation, perhaps, that they could get better terms there than with me; but General Getty arrested the delegation, which was ordered to Fort Leavenworth and finally returned to their people on condition that they would deliver themselves up on the reservation at Medicine Bluff or Fort Sill. This was complied with, and I am now able to report that there has been a fulfilment of all the conditions which we had in view when we commenced our winter's campaign last November—namely, punishment was

inflicted, property destroyed, the Indians disabused of the idea that winter would bring them security, and all the tribes south of the Platte forced on to the reservations set apart for them by the Government, where they are in tangible shape for the good work of civilization, education, and religious instruction.

"I cannot speak too highly of the patient and cheerful conduct of the troops under my command. They were many times pinched by hunger and numbed by cold; sometimes living in holes below the surface of the prairie—dug to keep them from freezing—at other times pursuing the savages and living on the flesh of mules. In all these trying conditions the troops were always cheerful and willing, and the officers full of obedience and confidence.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"P. H. SHERIDAN,
"Lieutenant-General."

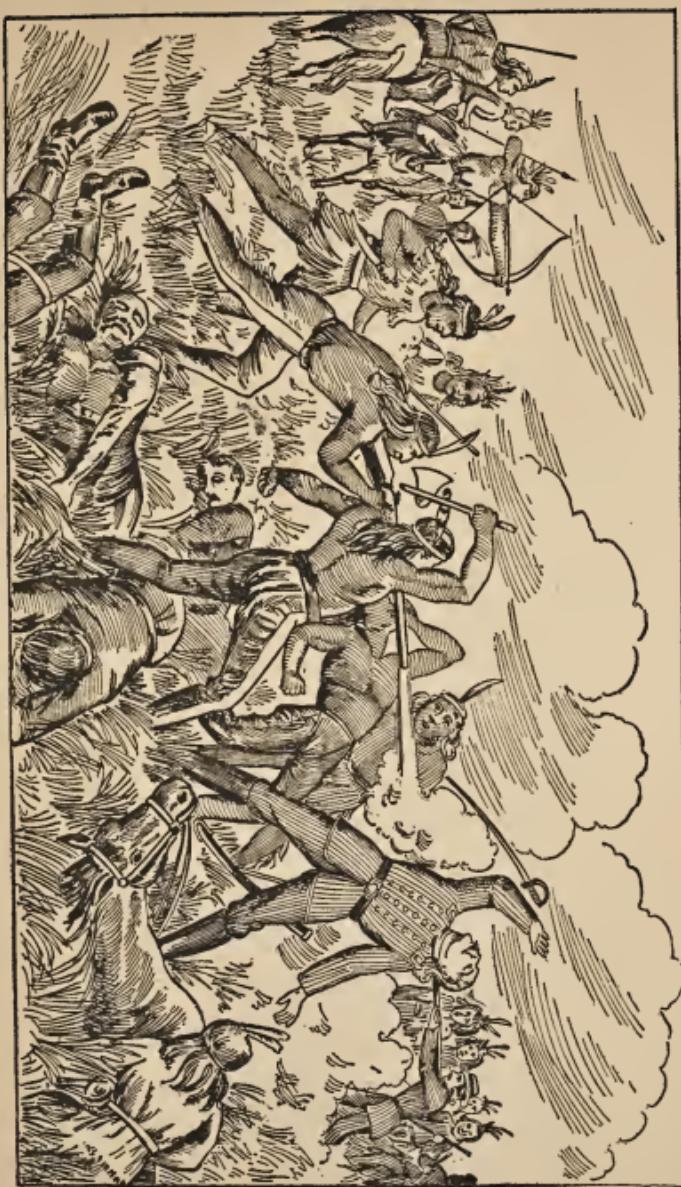
General Custer's Last Fight.

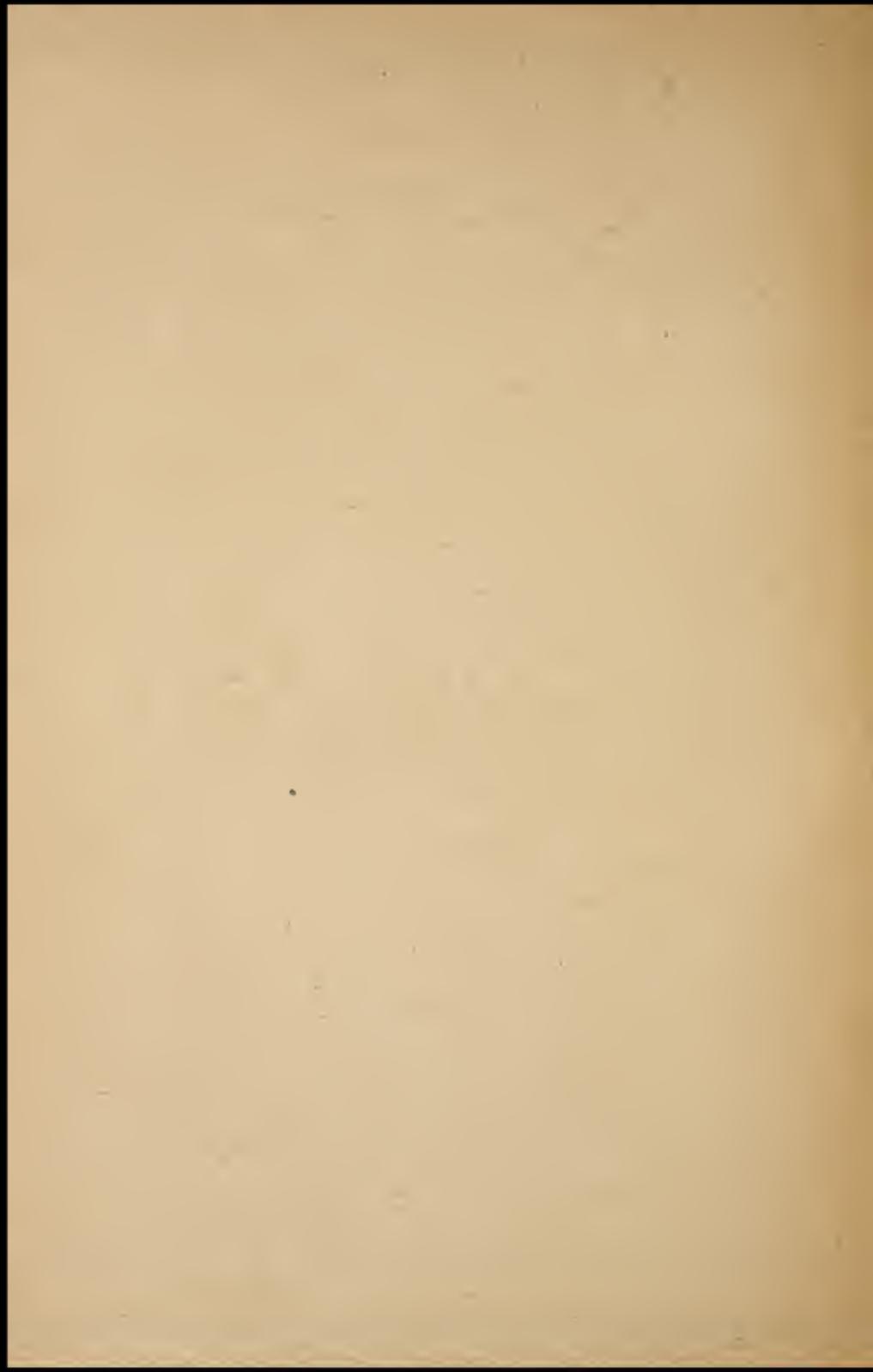
Sad was the end of that great hero of the frontier, General George Armstrong Custer, the idol of the American cavalry after Sheridan, and the terror of the recalcitrant and blood-thirsty Sioux, at the Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876.

He was a graduate of West Point, a brigadier-general at the age of twenty-three, a major-general at twenty-five, the hero of fifty fights and a hundred daring and thrilling episodes. At twenty-six he was given the command of the 7th Cavalry.

General Terry commanded the post in 1876, and Custer was under him, with the 7th Cavalry, at Fort Lincoln. The Sioux, under Sitting Bull and Rain-in-the Face, had been intractable and had given the Government grave cause for apprehension. Custer was ordered by Terry to follow a fresh Indian trail over which it was estimated twelve hundred braves had travelled to the region of the Little Big Horn—a country hitherto unexplored except by some Indian scouts, who thought that there were only twelve hundred Indians encamped where there

DEATH OF GENERAL CUSTER.





really were upward of five thousand. The Government expedition was but eleven hundred strong, and Custer had only a small force.

Custer called a halt and told his officers his plan of attack. He divided the 7th Cavalry into three parties, and offered the lead to that officer who should first report his troop ready for battle. One of the highest rank secured the post of honor. Custer led the main body. The charge was sounded. Custer headed two hundred and seventy-seven of his men. His brother, Tom Custer, accompanied him, believing that the other body had also dashed onward to attack the village on the other side; but the heroes were mistaken.

The Indians were ambushed and knew exactly Custer's strength. They never gave any sign of life until the gallant Custer at the head of his devoted band rode into the village. Then from every side the treacherous Sioux and their allies who had come from the north opened a murderous fire with Springfield rifles on the cavalrymen, who were only armed with carbines, and slew every one of them. Custer and his brother Tom died fighting side by side, and Rain-in-the-Face cut the heart out of Tom Custer's body in revenge for having captured him two years before for murder at Standing Rock Agency.

The manner in which the bodies of these brave men were mutilated has never been equalled in any of the victories of the most savage Indians. Custer's body was the only one of the entire command that was not scalped or butchered with the tomahawk, and this was done in recognition of his truthfulness and bravery.

General Custer was only thirty-seven years old when he fell a victim of Sitting Bull's wrath.

Shortly after the battle of the Little Big Horn an incident took place which proves beyond doubt that these uneducated, uncivilized sons and daughters of the American forests and plains had some method of communication that even to this day remains a mystery. Some old Westerners say the Indians

used signals of smoke from camp-fires, and still others claim that it was what the Hindoos call cultivation of the seventh sense. True are the following statements, and undoubtedly are they shrouded in a deep mystery.

Frank Yates at this time was running a trading station about one hundred and eighty miles from the Little Big Horn, and was one of the best-informed men in Indian methods and customs of the entire West. While sitting outside his little cabin talking with a party of trappers, who were giving their experiences of their last trapping trip, the little party was joined by two Indians. Captain Yates, a brother of Frank Yates, was with General Custer, and during the conversation Frank Yates expressed a desire to have his brother with him or even to know where or how he was. One of the Indians at this moment spoke up, saying that Captain Yates was killed.

“Impossible,” said his brother Frank.

“Oh, yes, he was,” replied the Indian.

“Where and when?” was next asked by the brother.

“To-day, with General Custer, on the Little Big Horn.”

“You lie!” Frank Yates exclaimed, clutching the Indian by the throat.

The Indian still maintained that he was telling the truth.

Yates and his companions soon joined the first party to reach the battle-field of the Little Big Horn, and there found the words of the Indian too true indeed. Horrible was the sight that met their gaze.

The Indian would not say how he knew of the battle, but it was impossible for a rider to cover the distance (one hundred and eighty miles) in any way—no telegraph, no telephone—and yet this Indian, on the evening of the day Custer and his brave followers fell victims of the treacherous Sioux under Sitting Bull, knew of their sad fate one hundred and eighty miles away.

How did he know it?



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MAJOR GORDON W. LILLIE
"PAWNEE BILL"